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OLIVER JOHNSON, PRINTER.

The Standard.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

GERRIT SMITH'S SLAVES.

Letter from James Cannings Fuller to Joseph Sturge.

DEAR FRIEND:—

Doubtless thou hast often thought of the visit to our mutual friend, Gerrit Smith, and dwelt on the recollection with pleasure. As thou requested me to furnish thee with the result of the case which was brought under our notice from the correspondence in the case of Sam and Harriet, I cheerfully comply, by giving thee a somewhat detailed account; believing it may be interesting to thee, and not unproductive of benefit to others.

There are in America no small number of individuals whose circumstances, by parental gift, or marriage endowments, are similar to those of our dear friend Ann Carrol Smith. I would there were a host prepared, like her and her noble husband, to do acrifice of their substance on the altar of human rights.

I am aware of the seeming incongruity of abolitionists' recognizing the slaveholder's right of chattelship in his fellow men; but when it is considered that there are many in our ranks, whose wealth is contaminated by the channel through which it was accumulated,—indeed, in some instances, from the actual sale of human beings,—I am led to hope the example of our Peterboro friends will not be lost on the present generation; but that to those to whom the information may come of this dedication of property to principle, may feel constrained to "go and do likewise;" not for the benefit of the slaveholder, but for those who, through their instrumentality, are groaning under the iron yoke of American slavery. Few of us may be called or enabled to make such pecuniary sacrifice; but all of us may increase our self-devotion, acceptable to our Maker, the God of Liberty, and the friend of the oppressed. We may make larger and larger offerings of our time and our substance, of our mental and corporeal powers, to the noble cause of disenthralling both the slave and his master.

This occurrence, when known in England, may occasion some searching of hearts, among those who received money from the compensation fund. Like our friend, James Whitehouse, of Bristol, they may arrive at the conclusion that it was not justly theirs; and may feel constrained to send to the liberated bondman, that which he ought to have had, and more added thereto. Money cannot compensate for personal slavery.

I will endeavor to develop this case from its commencement, until its present happy consummation; and before I close, I may perhaps show, from undoubted sources of information, the bad tendency and results of slavery, on what would, otherwise, be the fairest portion of these United States.

Ann Carrol Fitzhugh is the daughter of the late Col. Wm. Fitzhugh, a slaveholder, who formerly resided in Hagerstown, Maryland. About twenty three years ago, he removed to Geneseo, New-York. Twenty human chattels, whom he brought with him, became free by the law of 1817; the remainder were left on his plantation, in Maryland. Mammy Rachel, who nursed the Colonel's wife, on the births of James Fitzburgh and his sister Ann, gave to the former a boy, who was named Sam, and to the latter a girl, called Harriet. They grew up together, and ultimately formed a strong attachment. When Ann Fitzburgh was abont eighteen years old, her brother wrote to inquire if she would give him Harriet, that she might become James's wife. When it is considered that Ann was young and inexperienced, that she had been educated to consider slavery right, that the doctrine of inalienable personal ownership had not then been urged, and that the idea of bestowing a wife on her brother's slave was naturally pleasing, it is no marvel that she cheerfully granted the request.

James Fitzhugh removed from Maryland to Kentucky. In the course of events, his pecuniary affairs became embarrassed, and creditors grew clamorous for the adjustment of their claims. His effects were likely to be sold by the sheriff, and it was reported that he had no legal title to Harriet.—Under these circumstances, Gabriel Jackson prevailed on him to transfer Sam, his wife, and first-born child, to him, in payment of his debt. This man afterward sold them to Samuel Worthington, a cotton planter of Mississippi; whose letter, in reply to Gerrit Smith, arrived the day we were at Peterboro. In this reply, Worthington did not notice the number of Harriet's children; and this circumstance, added to the following remark, gave us no good opinion of his sincerity. "I am to some extent opposed to slavery; but when I reflect that the great mass of white people are very poor, that thousands of white children are congregated in factories and elsewhere, that most of them work hard during their lives, and die in great poverty; and I believe it may safely be said, there is not a nation of black people under the sun, who are enlightened and capable of enjoying liberty; I must therefore reconcile myself as I best can; trusting that God himself will, in his own good time, adjust the whole matter." It proved that Worthington's letter, was handed to another person to copy, who accidentally omitted the word "five," before "children"—a circumstance trivial in itself, but it led to several wrong conclusions, and somewhat interrupted the harmony of our subsequent transactions; for when he received Gerrit's answer, saying that I should call upon him, he did not form so good an opinion of our friend, as he had done from his first letter.

Thou mayest remember that Gerrit's letter to Worthington was dated April 13th, 1841, and the reply, June 6th, 1841, reached Peterboro July 14th; that Gerrit was in doubt how to effect the redemption of the family, and their safe transportation; and that I agreed to effect both, to what I shall call the Elysian Fields, or more properly Eden. When I first informed my dear wife, of my intended visit to a slave State, she did not, as I had expected, raise any objections on acccount of my personal safety; she afterward expressed some fears; but when the time came, I think she cheerfully gave me up to the service. I started on the 26th of 7th month, via Lake Erie and the Erie Canal, which extends from North to South 309 miles, through the State of Ohio. Nothing worthy of note occurred on the passage, except occasional discussions on human rights, and the equality of man; the last subject which thou wouldst think needed to be discussed here, if thou hadst known nothing of America but its Declaration of Independence. Thou and I have both known what it is to be "a stranger in a strange land," and have felt that "a friend in need is a friend indeed." On board the packet-boat, at Cleaveland, to go for Portsmouth, I noticed the captain reading my name, and residence, on my portmanteau. He gave me a cordial greeting, saying he knew me by reputation. When informed of the object of my journey, he said it would give him great pleasure to convey me and my charge back, without other remuneration than the expense of our food. Captain Folger is first cousin to our excellent and efficient colleague, Lucretia Mott, of Philadelphia, and her good sister, Martha Wright, of Auburn. During the winter, he turns his attention to lecturing on anti-slavery.—Many such are needed in Ohio. All the States bordering on slave States must become abolitionized, before slavery shall hide her deformed head, never more to be heard of, but in the history of the past. Our hair is grey; but may we live to see it, and hail the happy jubilee.

From the canal, I took steamboat down the Ohio, to Maysville, Kentucky. The mistress of the Eagle Hotel sat at her table as a Queen surrounded by many slaves. There seemed to be twice as many hands to do the work as were needful. At this house I fell in with a Louisianian who remarked to the bar-tender that "he had been offered several Kentucky plantations at a low price, including the negroes; as the owners were prostrated." Thinking I might obtain information, I asked him some questions respecting the far South. He said land there could be had for almost nothing; but slaves were not much depreciated; a man of thirty years would sell for $1000. He said the planters of the South were desirous of changing the complexion of their field-hands; and proposed the following method: If northern men would consent to marry their negroes, the master would emancipate the women, and give a marriage portion, equal to what the white man, of good moral character, might possess. He said the Irish, English, Scotch, Dutch, and Germans, would much improve their condition by cultivating cotton and sugar on this continent; and the planter would be benefitted, as he could grow those articles much cheaper by the labor of European "serfs" than by slaves. Such remarks made me feel like a barrel ready to burst with fermentation within; but it would not do to give vent by means of my tongue.

From Maysville to Lexington, (sixty-five miles,) is the best road I ever travelled, not excepting the English roads. It is made and repaired with whitish lime-stone, from beginning to end. They told me the repairs were principally made by Irish workmen, as slaves were not to be trusted to do the work. At starting, I observed that the mail bags were nearly empty; and the driver, being questioned, informed me that I could carry the whole mail in my coat pockets. When he told me he was a Pensylvanian, I asked him whether he could not earn as much in a free, as in a slave State. He said that eighteen dollars a month was the most he ever received for driving a team in a free State, and that now he received thirty dollars a month. This opened the way for a little anti-slavery talk. "Last Sunday night," said he, "I saw a big black man making the best of his way for Canada; I might have stopped him, and had the reward of $200, which was offered."

I asked him whether it was best to have God's blessing, with the fruits of his honest industry, or his curse, with $200 blood-money. He answered, with moistened eyes, "I wish all the slaves were free;" to which I responded "Amen."

Some incidents connected with the escape of this negro, go to prove that slaves can "take care of themselves," by a little ingenuity, when occasion requires. Thinking it would be more expeditious, as well as more agreeable, to ride from slavery than to run from it, he took a horse; whether his master's or not, I did not ascertain. The turnpike gates were a great hindrance, and much increased the risk of apprehension. To avoid this, just before reaching a turnpike gate, he let down a fence, carefully put it up again, to avoid pursuit, passed round the back of the keeper's house, and came out through the fence beyond. As he was remounting his horse on one of these occasions, the driver came up with him. Supposing him to be one of the keeper's family, he wished him good night; but instantly discovered by his voice, that he was a colored man, putting his horse to full speed. When he returned to Paynestown, he heard people talking about a runaway, and told Dr. Whitehead he believed he had seen the man the night before. "I hope to God he'll get safe into Canada," was the reply.

"How can you say that, and be a slaveholder?" asked the coachman.

"I wish there were no slaves," replied he; "and as soon as others will liberate theirs, mine shall go free."

Stage coaches afford no facilities to the poor fugitives. By the law of the United States' Government, no colored man can drive a mail stage. Neither can any colored man ride on one, unless he is known to be free, or is a slave travelling with his master.—Stage owners incur heavy penalties, if they infringe these rules. A verdict of $1,600 was lately recovered by a slavemaster against the company.

At Washington, the stage was stopped to know if a colored boy could be put on. "Yes; where is he?"

"Up at the jail, yonder." The querist took a seat inside; and soon after I spied a colored man on the outside, with keepers. He was a re-captured runaway, who had taken a horse with him, and imitated the Israelites, in borrowing various other articles when he escaped from bondage. He assumed false whiskers and a pair of spectacles; and on reaching the Ohio river, produced free papers duly stamped with the County seal. But, unfortunately, when questioned where he had staid the preceding night, he foolishly attempted to describe the place, and was thus detected: $200 had been offered for him if taken out of the State, and $100 if taken in the State. To ride in a stage, with a man behind, whose legs and arms were fastened together with riveted chains and padlocks, was enough to make one feel the force of Patrick Henry's exclamation, "Give me Liberty, or give me Death!" It was a poor consolation to administer to the gnawings of his hunger, while beholding his manly frame thus manacled; but I thought he seemed to eat my ginger-bread with a better relish, when I told him it was made where colored men were free. At Payne's tavern, in Fairview, the poor fellow had to undergo an examination, from the landlord, and listen to a homily about truth-telling; so little do slaveholders seem aware that stealing and lying are constituent parts of their own system. In the stage office at Lexington, we encountered the man who claimed this poor fugitive. The driver, who had come with us the last two stages, was a native of Duchess Co., N. Y.; and he began to plead with the slaveholder in behalf of the slave. I heard of another case where the angry master threatened to flog and sell a recovered runaway, whom he had with him; but the stage-driver remonstrated with him so effectually, that he wept like a child, and promised forgiveness to his slave. If we can only get the common people aroused, Wayland, Bishop Hedding, and others of that stamp, may deal in metaphysical hair-splitting to their heart's content. I would rather see stage-drivers, as a body, abolitionists, than all the clergy in the land; for I should fear the latter would much more easily yield to public opinion. I have no wish to disparage the D. D's. or the Reverends; but, with a few noble exceptions, everybody knows that they are seldom found in the van of unpopular reforms.

Having a great desire to see the imported cattle on Henry Clay's plantation, I went thither. On approaching the house, I saw a colored man, to whom I said, "Where wert thou raised?" "In Washington." "Did Henry Clay buy thee there?" "Yes." "Wilt thou show me his improved cattle?" He pointed to the orchard, and said the man who had charge of them was there. As I followed his direction, I encountered a very intelligent-looking boy, apparently eight or nine years old. I said to him, "Canst thou read?" "No." "Is there a school for colored people on Henry Clay's plantation?"—"No." "How old art thou?" "Don't know." In the orchard I found a woman at work with her needle. I asked, "How old art thou?" "A big fifty." "How old is that?" "Near sixty." "How many children hast thou?" "Fifteen or sixteen." "Where are they?" "Colored folks don't know where their children is; they are sent all over the country."—"Where wert thou raised?" "Washington." "Did Henry Clay buy thee there?" "Yes." "How many children hadst thou then?" "Four." "Where are they?" "I don't know. They tell me they are dead." The hut, in which this "*source of wealth*" lives, was neither as good, nor as well-floored as my stable. Several slaves were picking fruit in the orchard; I asked one of the young men whether they were taught to read on this plantation, and they answered no. I found the overseer of the cattle with a short-handled, stout whip, which had been broken. He said it answered both for a riding whip, and occasionally "to wipe off" the slaves.

These glances at Ashland reveal much concerning our mutual friend Joseph John Gurney's "dear friend," Henry Clay! The man who boasts that "every pulsation of his heart beats high for liberty;" yet is not ashamed to buy men and women at the Capitol! that place, which above all others, ought not to be cursed by the footsteps of a slave. Yet I fear there are not wanting in the abolition ranks men so wedded to political party that they may be tempted to vote for Henry Clay; serving their party and themselves thereby, and perchance thinking they serve their country.

Do not think Clay a sinner above all other men. His slaves appeared to be well fed and well clothed. Indeed the general superiority of condition in Kentucky slaves, over those of Maryland and Virginia, cannot fail to strike the most superficial observer.

Pursuing my journey, I came to Blue Lick, whose waters are celebrated throughout the United States. At the spring I found several men, white and colored. I asked if I could have a drink. A white man said the waters were free to all. I asked, "Will they make all free?" They again replied, that the spring was free to all. "I perceive thou dost not understand my question," said I. But the countenances of the colored men brightened, and with a cheerful tone, they answered significantly, "*We* know what you mean."

I found Samuel Worthington quite a different person than his letters had led me to imagine. When I introduced myself, he appeared nervous and embarrassed. He was a Kentuckian by birth, but having met with reverses in fortune, he went to Mississippi, and became an overseer; first on a salary of $600, and afterward $2,000. He now owns a cotton plantation, with about 120 slaves, and is reputed wealthy. He is considered an accomplished gentleman, of sound, discriminating, and feeling mind. I believe he is a kind master, in the common acceptation of the term; that is, he feeds and clothes his slaves well, and does not overwork them, though the overseer's whip is the stimulus to labor. He gave me some account of provision; but the only item I remember is, that he cured 25,000 pounds of pork annually, for his slaves. Far be it from me to say anything disrespectful of him, except that he is a slaveholder; a word which, in my view, comprises "the sum of all villainy." In my transactions with him, I found him fair and honorable; as far as it can be honorable to sell human flesh.

He said he had long since received a letter from Mr. Fitzhugh, concerning Sam's family; but as he knew their situation would not be bettered by being transferred to him, he had taken no notice of the application. When Gerrit Smith's letter came, he supposed that the writer was not in earnest; "that it was all done for effect, and would end in smoke." He was surprised to learn, by Mr. Smith's reply to him, that it was my intention to come to Harrodsburg; he regretted that it was so, as it disturbed him, and might break up his family arrangements.—His wife had three small children, one of them a babe, and the proposed arrangement would leave her without assistance. He told me he was not a man to be driven; and I answered, that we were well matched on that point; it would, however, be better for us both to ascertain coolly how far we could agree. He began by saying that he did not feel bound to sell the family, in consequence of what he had written to Mr. Smith; for he had only said that he might be induced to take $4,000 for them. After some preliminaries, he proposed that I should have a conversation with Sam; for he did not think he could be prevailed upon to leave him. I assured him I should do no such thing, until he and I had settled the question of dollars and cents. I had no idea of presenting the cup of freedom to Sam's lips, and then having it dashed to the ground. "I do not believe," said I, "that there is a man on these grounds, whom I could not induce to go with me from slavery; but if Sam has objections, let me talk with his wife."

"No, that will not do," replied he; "she would go with you."

"Yes," said I, "let me talk to your women of a mother's right to herself and her offspring, and then see how many of them you would find willing to remain in bondage!"

After various pros and cons, we concluded a bargain; subject, of course, to the parties being *willing* to leave the "patriarchal institution." $3,500 were to be paid; and both of us together were to have an opportunity of conversing with Sam and his wife. The master probably felt so confident that his slave would not leave him, that he had not patience to wait for the promised interview; for he popped the delicate question to him alone. Sam had been informed of the whole progress of the affair, from the time of Mr. Smith's first letter; and he answered promptly that he would go; so that before I met him, that *difficult* part of the business had "ended in smoke."

S. Worthington's disappointment was the greater, because I had told him that I felt like one of old, "If the woman will not be *willing* to follow thee, then thou shalt be clear from this;" that I could go back with a quiet mind; and that the consciences of my friends in Petersboro, would doubtless be satisfied; having given Harriet and her family the liberty of choice, and thus made all the reparation in their power for having ever held her in slavery.

The large price paid for the redemption of this family may surprise thee; especially if thou hast not forgotten that passage in Worthington's letter where he says, "I am, to some extent, opposed to slavery; nor do I object to the efforts of abolitionists, when done in a good spirit." It is, however, but justice to say that the description he gave of the family is strictly correct. "They are all sprightly, remarkable for good character, and of course most valuable for house-servants." He said he had repeatedly been offered $2,000 for Sam; and he believed he would command that sum any day, from those who knew his worth; that his old master prized him very highly—particularly for his moral excellence—and speaking of his conduct, described him as a "gentleman." Yet he talked as if he were certain that Sam and his family would be reduced to beggary, if left to themselves at the North! The children, it is true, have had little preparation in slavery for self-reliance; for the most favored of them cannot spell their own names.

S. W. said many had inquired of him what business brought me there; and being informed of the object of my mission, they advised him to have nothing to do with me. "But," said he, "though I am certain the condition of Sam and his wife cannot be bettered, I do not think the same with regard to their children; and as Mr. Smith seems disposed to do a kind action, I cannot, in conscience, attempt to frustrate it. If I were to send you home without this family, I should have a troubled mind."

Major Barber, a Presbyterian deacon, being asked to write a bill of sale, readily agreed to do so; ironically suggesting it would be well to insert a clause "that none of the family should be reduced to slavery in the State of New-York." I told him I understood the drift of that remark; but I wanted a bill in the usual form, with the common covenants and guarantees; and that I would have no nonsense in it. He then drew one; but discovering, afterward, that he said nothing in his Bill about delivery, I afterward caused another to be drawn by L. L. Shreve, of Louisville, as follows:

BILL OF SALE.

HARRODSBURG, Mercer County, }
State of Kentucky, August 7th, 1841. }

For and in consideration of the sum of three thousand five hundred dollars to me in hand paid, the receipt whereof I hereby acknowledge, I hereby sell, convey, and deliver, to James Cannings Fuller, of the State of New-York, agent for Gerrit Smith of Peterboro, of said State of New-York, the following described slaves, : viz. One negro man, Samuel, aged about thirty-five years; his wife, Harriet, about the same age; also their children; say Mary, about fourteen years old; Emily, twelve years; William, ten years; Richard, three years and six months; and Melvina, about fifteen months; to have and to hold the same said slaves against the claims of all persons whatsoever. I also warrant them sound and healthy, (except as to Mary, who has a small blemish in one eye) and slaves for life. Witness my hand and seal, the day and date above written.

[SEAL.] S. WORTHINGTON.

Atttest, L. L. SHREVE.

As the parents felt troubled about their sons, William and Richard, who were on Worthington Plantation in Mississippi, it was deemed best to send their father for them. He was accordingly furnished with the following Pass, believing he could travel more safely with it than with free papers.

Harrodsburg, Ky., August 7th, 1841.

The bearer, Samuel, has consent of the undersigned to proceed without unnecessary delay, to the Plantation of Worthington, near Lake Washington, in the State of Mississippi, for the purpose of obtaining his two sons, (children) the one named William, the other Richard, and they go on to Peterboro, in the State of New-York, and then report himself to Gerrit Smith, at that place.

S. WORTHINGTON.
JAMES C. FULLER.

He was likewise furnished with the following Order for Delivery, endorsed by myself, that he might obtain possession of the children.

Harrodsburg, Ky., August 7th 1841.

Mr. John T. Courtney, Lake Washington, Mississippi, will deliver to the order of James Canning Fuller, two slaves, sons of Samuel and Harriet, say William and Richard; having sold the same to said Fuller, and hereby deliver them through you to his order.

S. WORTHINGTON.

Let Samuel have all the property belonging to himself and family.

One of Worthington's greatest difficulties in parting with these slaves was, that it would leave his wife destitute of servants. I pitied her, and felt it right to express my sympathy. I told her my compassion was increased, because I apprehended there was a struggle in her own breast between duty and interest; and I appealed to her whether she did not know it was a duty to let them go, though personal interest would induce her to keep them in her service. I was glad to perceive that these remarks enabled her to relieve herself of a weight; her countenance brightened up, and she appeared quite willing I should take them away. She showed great kindness to Harriet and her children, and evidently felt deeply moved at parting with the nurse, who had thrice been with her through nature's sorest trials. She appeared to me to be a nice, lady-like person; and if I judge aright, she knows what estimate ought to be placed upon slavery in a woman's mind.

Those who know me will not suspect that I sought to conceal my abolition, even in the hot-bed of slavery. Yet I assure thee I had no intention of making it a common topic of conversation, unless the way appeared to open; but thy experience, I doubt not, as well as mine, proves that it is ever opening. The most we need to do is to embrace opportunities, without seeking to make them. I had not expected to say as much as I did; but it was such a curiosity for a Quaker to be seen in such company, that it was soon universally known why I had come, and what I had done. This gave rise to many conversations with slaveholders, which I trust did some good. I was astonished at their extreme ignorance concerning the laboring population of the North. Thou wilt perhaps be surprised to hear me assert, that slaveholders do not know what slavery is. Still more strange will it seem, when I tell thee that thy old friend, was highly complimented by them for his prudence and discretion! The story had become current that I would not talk to Sam, till I had settled the business with his master; and as they generally professed to believe that abolitionists wished to incite the slaves against their master, by every mischievous incentive they could devise, my conduct naturally enough seemed to them remarkable. I told them I must honestly abjure such complimentary language; for so far from being what they would consider discreet, I was in fact an abolitionist of the most ultra school. I assured them that most of my associates at the North would have proceeded as I had done, and some of them probably with more discretion. I like much better to talk with a southerner on slavery, than with a northern apologist. I regard him as far less mean; there is a mind to be appealed to for *facts*; and there is a feeling that can be reached by a simple testimony of republican truth. In this, the slaveholder sometimes sees his face as in a glass; but he goeth away and forgetteth what manner of man he is.

As my prudence and discretion had excited observation, I ventured to remark, that it would be a great gratification to me, if the slaveholders would meet together, and let me occupy an hour or so in defining the true position and principles of the abolitionists; but this, as I had expected, was declined.

When I paid the money, I felt constrained to testify that, I could in no degree sanction the principle that man could hold property in man; that the slaves were our equals by creation, and for their salvation, equally with ours, did Christ leave the right hand of the Father, to suffer on the cross. I told them that contradictory as it might seem to them, the man who was now paying money for slaves, had such a detestation of the system, that he deemed it a duty to abstain from eating or wearing, any of the products of slavery. This seemed to them wondrous strange, and they inquired if there were many at the North who agreed with me in this scruple.—I told them yes; that the number was increasing and that my friend Gerrit Smith had abstained from slave produce for many years.

A few hours previous to my final departure, one after another gathered around me, and as we stood on the open piazza, I said what I could to explain the principles and practice of abolitionists. I think S. Worthington felt a little hurt at my being thus engaged; for when the stage drove up, he came in great haste to inform me that it was ready. I found it surrounded by many persons, principally colored, who had assembled to bid farewell to the objects of my charge. Their master shook each slave by the hand and bade them farewell. I observed him as we moved away, and thought he seemed to be a good deal moved, from some cause or other.

I took care that coachman and passengers should be informed of the history of Sam and his wife, and some one or other of them was sure to make it a subject of conversation wherever we stopped. At Lawrenceburg, where we put up for the night, the landlord was also stage proprietor and a slaveholder. He tried to make me believe that his slaves were much better off than himself. He enumerated his troubles and perplexities, in contrast with the blessed freedom from care enjoyed by his slaves. I told him he had made out his case very well; but to test his sincerity, I merely wished him to declare candidly whether he should be altogether willing that himself and family should exchange places with a slave family. The test was too severe, and he walk off. Two young men at table then took up the conversation. The tyranny which slavery exercises over the entire community was illustrated by the assertion that the head of a certain college did not dare to acknowledge himself an abolitionist; for if he did he would lose his office, which brought him in a good salary; and, moreover, the people of D— would dismiss him from his pastoral charge. I of course took the ground that he could not be a truly Christian minister, who would purchase his bread and cheese at the expense of denying his own belief, or suppressing his own convictions.

My host inquired whether I would sit at table with colored people; and he seemed much surprised when I answered, "I do not judge persons by their complexion, but by moral worth. At my own table I sit with colored people, and I shall with these."

The South, however, is much more free from prejudice against color than the North; provided the distinction between the classes is understood. A gentleman may seat his slave beside him in a stage coach, and a lady makes no objection to ride next a fat negro woman, even when the thermometer is at 90°; provided always, that her fellow travellers understand she is her *property*.

At Shelbyville, the stage was likely to be crowded with new passengers, when I said to some young men who were about to get in, that I had a family with me who must not be turned out of the seats they had occupied. Samuel and his family took their accustomed seats, and those who could not find room, rode on the roof of the coach; among them was a member elect of the Legislature. As we started, a well-dressed man, among the crowd at the tavern-door, called out, "Go it, abolition!"

A crowd at this place attracted my attention, and I found it was an Executor's Sale; comprising "lands, houses, furniture, horses, cows, hogs, and twenty likely negroes." Slaves must, however, be more of a cash article than other commodities; for they were to be sold on four month's credit, real estate on twelve and twenty-four months, and all other property six months.

At Louisville, we fell in with Elisha, brother of Samuel Worthington, on his return to Arkansas, where he had a cotton plantation. He manifested much openness and good will, and pressingly invited me to visit him, should I ever go down the Mississippi. After considerable conversation on slavery, he asked me what I thought would be the effect of my late visit. I replied it was a subject I had often contemplated myself, but I did not know whether it had entered the heads of others. For my own part, I thought I had taught the slaveholders a lesson. They maintained that the slaves did not want their freedom; yet here was one, well fed, and well clothed, and in fact living in clover, as far as a slave could do so, ready, without my asking him, to go with me among strangers. If he would leave such a kind master, what might not be expected of the oppressed field-hand?

"Perhaps a quotation from Latimer, would furnish you with a more direct reply to your question," said I: "You know he said, at the stake—'We shall this day, light such a fire in England, as I trust, by God's grace, will never be put out.' And I believe my visit has kindled a flame of liberty in Harrodsburg, that shall burn for years to come; and, by its light, I trust that many will find their way into Canada."

I told him, too, I had a question to ask, and I wanted a direct answer—yes, or no. "Were the slaves any worse off, since the question of abolition had been agitated?"

He said they were not, excepting in one respect. Formerly, when a preacher came among them to hold meetings with the slaves, they had no objection; but now, they feared that slaves from different plantations might thus congregate together, and plot mischief. I asked him if slaves in Mississippi were aware of abolition efforts at the North; and he said he believed they were.

We parted with Samuel at Louisville; we taking the steamboat for Cincinnati, and leaving him to proceed to Worthington Plantation, for his boys. He stood and watched the departure of our boat, with a soul full of emotion. He felt himself a connecting link between his sons, in distant Mississippi, and his wife and daughters, on their way to Peterboro; and and I was glad to see nature and affection gush forth in tears. They say colored people cannot take care of themselves; but I assure thee I had hard work to make these people move a step, till a safe plan was arranged for their absent children.

When I went to pay the captain my fare, he asked whether the colored woman and girls were my property. I answered, yes; but explained to him my peculiar situation, and told him I detested the very name of slavery. He said they usually asked for a reference, but he felt sure that a person of my appearance would not tell him a falsehood. I told him I would show him my bill of sale, as soon as the hurry had subsided; not because I acknowledged his right to demand it, but because he was civil and polite, and I was willing to satisfy him. When I showed him the bill, he knew both the seller and the witness, as I had expected. I asked him whether, if I had brought a barrel of lard on board, he would have troubled me to prove property? He apologized, by saying they had been imposed on by white men, who put slaves on board, under the pretence that they were free; and that the owners of the line had been obliged to pay $6,000 for fugitive slaves. I noticed there were no colored hands on board.

On arriving at Buffalo, we put up at the Mansion House; and the first object that caught my eye, was an advertisement, dated LIBERTY, in Missouri, offering $300 reward for three fugitive slaves. This is a free State with a vengeance! No stage riding for colored people here; moreover, it was with great difficulty I could obtain breakfast for my companions, though I had paid for it. I hope abolitionists will keep clear of such a pro-slavery atmosphere as surrounds the Mansion House.

On board the cars, colorphobia again began to rage; but the agent soon quelled it, by finding other seats for two persons, who thought better of themselves than others did of them. In the stage to Auburn, difficulty again occurred, and the driver wanted to refund my money, when some of the passengers objected to the complexion of my companions. I told him the stage was too crowded to hold us, at any event; but unless he sent us on to Auburn in good season, I should teach the Company a lesson they would not soon forget. He did so; and I arrived safely at my own house, after an absence of 26 days, and a travel of 1865 miles. The whole cost of redemption, including our travelling expenses was $3,583 81. (£807.)

After two days rest, we proceeded to Gerrit Smith's; where, as thou mayest well believe, we received the friendly welcome, which those are wont to receive who visit his house.

CORPORATIONS.

The tyranny of Corporations have perhaps a more deadly influence in destroying the liberties of our country than any thing else, and should be watched with vigilance by the whole community.—They have no souls, no bodies, no consciences, no personal responsibility, but selfishness in abundance. They are sure to take all the power they can get, without regard to the welfare of the people or the rights of individuals.

The abitrary distinctions of rank, and color, and caste, which one or two railroad companies are attempting to make against our Bill of Rights, our constitution and law, against the liberties of the people, and the equal rights of citizens, call loudly for animadversion and redress; and should excite general alarm. If we *must* be enslaved, give us a tyrant in his *private capacity*, and not in the shape of a servant to a corporation, which has no regard for the rights of individuals. We refer to the *negro car*, more abominable, illegal, and inexcusable, than slavery itself. Indeed it appears evident from some late movement to have been done for the accommodation of *slaveholders* and not freemen.

The eastern railroad takes in black *slaves or servants* among the white people, without objection; but drags out by brute force, intelligent, well educated *freemen* of color, or we have been wrongfully informed. How is this, superintendent, Friend Chase? One of thy own Friends, of thy own Society, neighborhood and name, so informed us, and we have no reason to doubt his word. The circumstances as related to us are these.

A colored person was seen on board one of the cars, among the white people. The observer not supposing it possible that such an occurrence had escaped the vigilant eye of Friend Superintendent, congratulated and complimented him, at the first landing, on his liberality in having abolished the old barbarous, tyrannical, and shameful custom, of obliging colored people to withdraw from the cars of the whites.

'What do you mean,' said the superintendent, or conductor? 'We have made no alteration.'

'Well, I saw a colored person in the car, I have just left, and concluded without doubt, he was there by your permission.'

'O—ah—hem—true—to be sure—*there is a black* in that car *but*—that is a *servant* (or *slave*) to a white person there.'

So, here we have the whole story. It is not the *color*, but the *freedom* of the color, that is so much hated and persecuted by our broad brim nobility. And what says the slaveholder? Hear ye—'We treat our slaves better than you do your colored freemen.' And this is strictly true. *The slaveholders don't object* to riding in the same car with their slaves.—*They will not ride without them.* They love to have their slaves about them, and near them, to feed and fan them, and take care of them and their children. There is no 'offensive odor' to a servant or slave; but the colored freeman is intolerable. Ah, Friend Chase, this is sheer pretence; too glaringly so, to be denied or doubted. Thou knowest it; and the sooner such hypocrisy is cast away, the sooner thou wilt clear the skirts of thy garments. Do it quickly, or the whole land will cry *out upon thee* for very shame.—*Lynn Record.*

DEMOCRACY IN A FERMENT.

It is really curious to see what an "apple of discord" abolition is, with both the great political parties.

First, we are accused of being all Whigs, and seeking to divide the forces of the Democratic party, under our anti-slavery disguise; and then we are accused of being all Democrats, insidiously undermining the Whig party. While, in plain truth, we are doing neither the one nor the other; but going on our own straight course, like a steam-car, knocking down *all sorts of things* that cross the track.

The Exeter Democrat lately contained the following paragraph:

"*The slave must, and will be free!* What we can do for the cause we will do, and shall hereafter devote a portion of the Democrat to the discussion of this subject, and any abolitionist shall have a place in our columns for remarks which he may be disposed to make."

This moderate sentence puts the Portsmouth Gazette in a tremendous ferment. He calls it "at Negro Flag hoisted by a pseudo Democrat;" and has four hands pointing their fingers at it. He asks:

"Is it possible that the editor of the Democrat is willing to join the abolition party? Is he willing to go with that party whose principles tend to the disunion of the States? Is he willing to trample in the dust the constitution; that constitution purchased by the dearest blood of our revolutionary fathers? Will he prove a traitor to his best friends; to those friends who have fed, clothed, and warmed him into life? Ye shades of Jefferson forbid it!

We warn the Democracy of Old Rockingham to be on their guard. There are traitors in the camp! We call upon the Democrats of Portsmouth to open their eyes. There are men among you, who stand high in your confidence, who have again and again received your suffrages, that go hand and glove with this *pseudo Democrat*, and are doing all in their power to break down the democracy, of Old Rockingham. Will you permit it to be done? We call upon you to arise and *plant your standard upon the constitution, upon the old Republican principles of ninety-six.* Now is the time for every true democrat to show his colors. Shall we appeal to you in vain? No—God forbid—is the answer we hear."

We wish the editor of the Gazette would inform us how the democratic party are going to stand on "the old republican principles of ninety-six," *without* being abolitionists.

Temperance.

From the Wilmington Temperance Standard.

TO GEORGE F. WHITE, OF NEW-YORK.

LETTER II.

"Men do not gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles."

Respected Friend:—It cannot be disputed that the best mode of judging a tree is, by its fruits. Applied as a test to the conduct of men, this rule has the advantage of extreme simplicity—an advantage that renders it available to all classes of people.—It is not limited to the few who possess superior spiritual discernment; but it appeals to the common sense of mankind, and qualifies all men to be, to a certain extent, judges of the actions of one another.

The temperance enterprise claims the benefit of this test. It seeks to be judged by its fruits. Of its fruits all nations have tasted, for the tree has overshadowed the whole earth. The world is full of witnesses—let them be interrogated.

The result of such an examination, need not be particularized. Truly wonderful is the work which has been accomplished in a few short years. The wide page of history may be challenged to furnish a parallel. Never was an effort to suppress vice and alleviate human suffering, so signally blest. The hand of Divine Providence has been plainly manifested in the temperance reformation.

I regard this achievement as one of the trophies of Christianity. From its inception to the present moment, the enterprise has been nurtured in the lap of religion. Love to God and love to man could alone have inspired that persevering energy, and that cheering confidence by which it has been sustained throughout, and pushed forward in its triumphant course.

It is worthy of remark that the principal opposition to this work of benevolence has emanated from two very different classes of men—high professors and professed teachers of religion, and open enemies of temperance and virtue—"chief priests and scribes and pharisees" on the one hand, and "publicans and sinners" on the other. The opposition of the latter might have been expected; but it was impotent.—That of the former class was unlooked for, and much more powerful.

That associations should be established out of the Church, for the purpose of moral reform, was considered by many to imply a doubt of the efficacy of religion to reform man from vice. Those sects especially whose discipline contained restrictions on the subject of intemperance, were dissatisfied with any movement in advance of their own standard.—This sectarianism, assuming the mask of religion, arrayed its forces in formidable opposition to the temperance societies.

Among the most prominent opponents of reform were the great body of the clergy. The dependent relation in which they stood disqualified them from taking a leading part, in a work that threatened to divide their flocks. This consideration alone was sufficient to govern those who were under the influence of mercenary motives. Besides, many of them were fond of wine, or beer, or cider, and therefore resented what they affected to consider an attempt to dictate to them in matters of appetite.—Others again, claiming for the priesthood an exclusive monopoly of the work of reform, were indignant that their province should be encroached on by the temperance scheme. Many, no doubt, were truly jealous of the gospel of Christ, and though deluded, were nevertheless sincere.

In penning these strictures, I desire to be preserved from want of charity. Facts will bear me out in the statements I have made, respectingthe clergy. Such epithets as "folly"—"presumption—"ignorance"—"inpiety" and "madness," were lavishly hurled against the advocates of temperance by learned "Doctors of Divinity." The success of the cause was denounced by the highest clerical authority as the "triumph of infidelity." Even when the experience of nine years, and the testimony of thousands of witnesses at home and abroad, had established the character of the temperance effort as a dispenser of rich blessings, the mass of the clergy were still disaffected or hostile. In the year 1836, Edward C. Delavan, that devoted follower of him who "went about doing good," wrote to a fellow laborer in these words—referring to the State of New-York:—"Seven-eighths of the clergy in this State are opposed to our views and measures; and I know of but one clergyman out of the twenty-eight in the city of Albany, who will give you any efficient aid."

In that day Pilate and Herod became friends.—The priest proclaimed *smooth things* to the venders and drinkers of intoxicating liquor. "Say ye to the *sinner* it shall be well with him"—was the popular text. Some of these sermons were actually published by those interested in the sale of strong drink, and extensively circulated by the keepers of barrooms and grog-shops. From pulpit and from groggery the cry went forth—"a league, a league," to put down the temperance movement.

But the people were not always to be held back by their teachers. They grew weary of the subtle abstractions of their spiritual guides, and began to think for themselves, and to judge the tree by its fruits. They saw in the effects of the temperance reformation the practical evidences of a good cause. Perhaps they ventured to suspect that a religion which could array itself against such good works, was not worth paying for. Be that as it may, the people began to move; and then their teachers followed. The great body of the clergy are now in the ranks of the temperance reform. Many of those who held back in the manner described, are now laboring zealously and religiously for the cause which they formerly opposed. There are many honorable exceptions to the foregoing remarks. Among those who are embraced by the testimony of the Society of Friends under the term of a "hireling ministry," there are many who came forward as pioneers in the work of reform, and who attacked the stronghold of intemperance with a fearlessness and an independence worthy of the apostles of Galilee. Some of these, by sacrificing their means and their worldly enjoyments, and rendering themselves of no account among men, have given indubitable evidence that they were not mere "hirelings."

At the present time, although the false defences of the adversaries of the temperance organizations have mainly been dissipated by the light of truth and experience, and although the influence of "the Church," in this country, is now on the side of temperance, yet there remain among highly professing Christians, some zealous and bitter opponents, mostly within the limits of a few religious sects. There is yet enough of ignorance, and sectarianism, and prejudice, and bigotry,—not to speak of appetite and sordid interest,—to array, under the garb of religion, a powerful opposition to the onward progress of the work of benevolence. In the Society of Friends, there is a strong influence of this description. Many of our members have so far secluded themselves from the world, as to render them incapable of forming a correct judgment in the case. Catching at rumors and suspicions, and reasoning often from exceptions and abuses, they are liable to deal unfairly with their brethren, and even to bear false witness against them. When all this is done publicly, by professed ministers of the gospel, under the cloak of divine authority, it behoves those who are concerned to promote the welfare of our society and to preserve from reproach the leading principle of our profession, and whose hearts are touched with sympathy for human suffering, to raise their voices in defence of truth, to shield the innocent from unjust accusations, and to plead the cause of the widow and the fatherless.

There are some individuals who, forced to acknowledged the mighty works accomplished under the name of temperance, believe, or affect to believe that these works have been done by Satanic agency. The temperance cause has been publicly stigmatized as a "popular devil"—an "emanation from the bottomless pit." Such denunciations do violence to the common sense of mankind. Men will not believe that grapes can grow on thorns and figs on thistles. To attribute to the Devil the blessings which the temperance reform has conferred on the human family, is a proposition too absurd for serious consideration. If it be true that Satan has transformed himself, not in appearance merely, but in reality, into an angel of light and a preacher of righteousness, we may well felicitate ourselves and our suffering race on the most wonderful of all reformations. Truly the millenium is at hand!

There seems to be an impression in some minds, that it is impossible for virtue or good to be popular; and that popularity is always an indication of evil. Hence, the expression "popular righteousness" is sometimes applied to the temperance effort, to bring it into reproach. It is difficult to perceive any force in this mode of reasoning—or rather of talking. It is certainly as well that righteousness should be popular, as unrighteousness. Vice has too long enjoyed public favor. Intemperance has been to long popular. To me, it feels delightful, that temperance and virtue are arising in the public estimation. I shall hail the day when not only temperance, but all other kinds of righteousness, shall become popular, as the dawn of a happy, age, when the "kingdoms of this earth shall become the kingdoms of the Lord."

In my next communication I shall take leave of these preliminary considerations, and enter more directly into the merits of the subject. I propose to show that the principles of the temperance reformation are founded on reason, and truth, and that they are strictly conformable to the precepts of the Bible.

Thy friend, H. G.

A, B, C, of ABOLITION:

FOR THOSE WHO HAVE NOT YET EXAMINED THE SUBJECT

ANTI-SLAVERY CATECHISM.

BY MRS. CHILD.

Question. But do you think the suitable time has yet come to exert ourselves on this subject?

Answer. I will answer, as a similar question was answered by a lady who had been brought up in the midst of slavery: "If thou wert a slave, toiling in the fields of Carolina, I apprehend thou wouldst think the time had *fully* come." This explains the whole difficulty. We do not put ourselves in the condition of the slave, and imagine what would be our feelings if we were in *his* circumstances. We do not obey the Scripture injunction, "Remember those that are in bonds, *as bound with them.*"

But if we look at this question merely with a view to expediency, without reference to justice or mercy, when can we hope that a time will come *more* propitious to the discussion of this subject? The fact is difficulties and dangers increase every day. In South Carolina and Louisiana, the blacks are already a majority. The annual increase of the *slaves*, without including the free blacks, in the United States, is now 62,000 annually. It is a fact worthy of consideration, that the licentiousness of the white man increases the colored race; but the vices of colored men or women can never increase the white race; for the children of such connections are of course not white. These people are increasing in the midst of us in startling ratio. If we pursue a kind and Christian course, we can identify their interests with the rest of the community, and make them our friends; but if we persevere in the course we have pursued, their feelings and interests *must* be all in opposition to ours, and there is great reason to fear the consequences.

Q. Don't you think the Colonization Society is doing some good?

A. Those who have examined into the subject, have so universally come to the conclusion that Colonization is entirely ineffectual for the abolition of slavery at any time, however remote, that it seems hardly worth while to waste words on that subject. I do not pretend to impeach the motives of benevolent individuals, who have been engaged in it; but there is no doubt that its *practical tendency* is to perpetuate slavery. John Randolph, and other slaveholders, have advocated that Society, upon the avowed ground that by sending off an inconvenient surplus, it would increase the price of the slaves left. In the new slave States, where they have not as yet an "inconvenient surplus" of slaves, they don't like the Colonization Society; but the old slave States have been its warmest friends. There is one brief objection to the idea of abolishing slavery by Colonization: *it is impossible.* Even if it were desirable to remove these valuable laborers from our soil, it could not be done, if the whole Treasury and Navy of the United States were devoted to it. The Colonization Society has been in operation about nineteen years; they have had immense funds; and they have transported to Africa, during that time, about three thousand colored persons, of which *not one thousand* were manumitted slaves. Now the annual *increase* of the slaves alone is 52,000; and the annual increase of the free blacks is about 10,000. *In nineteen years the Colonizationists have not been able to carry off one-sixtieth part of the increase of the slaves in one year!* This is worse than the old story of the frog, who jumped out of the well two feet every night, and fell back three feet every morning. But even if the colored people *could* be all carried out of the country, what is the South to do for laborers? They have been in the habit of excusing themselves, by saying that white men cannot work in their climate, and by taking it for granted that black men will not work for wages. If the climate is unsuitable for white laborers, it is manifestly very impolitic to send off the black ones. It would be far wiser to try the experiment they have tried in Bermuda and Antigua. Labor is needed in all parts of our country; and it is worse than a childish game to be sending off ship-loads of laborers to Africa, while we are bringing in ship-loads from Ireland, Holland, and Switzerland.

Q. I have heard some people say they gave their money to the Colonization Society merely as a missionary establishment.

A. It would be well for those people to examine into the matter, and first ascertain whether it *is* a missionary establishment. When we send missions to India, the Sandwich Islands, &c., we send men believed to be pious and enlightened. For the probable influence of the emigrants carried out by the Colonization Society, let the Society answer for itself. They assure us that the colored persons colonized from the United States will "carry religion and the arts into the heart of Africa." Yet Mr. Clay, Vice President of the Society, says, "Of all classes of our population, the most vicious is that of the free colored—contaminated themselves, they extend their vices to all around them." And the African Repository, which is the organ of the Society, declares that "they are notoriously ignorant—a curse and a contagion wherever they reside."—Now, are not these admirable missionaries to send out to christianize Africa? It would be wise to put them under better and more encouraging influences at home, before we attempt to send them to enlighten heathen lands.

Q. Some say that these people are naturally inferior to us; and that the shape of their skulls proves it.

A. If I believed that the colored people were inferior to the whites, I should say that was an additional reason why we ought to protect, instruct, and encourage them. No consistent republican will say that a strong-minded man has a right to oppress those less gifted than himself. Slaveholders do not seem to think the negroes are so stupid as not to acquire knowledge, and make use of it, if they could get a chance. If they do think so, why do their laws impose such heavy penalties on all who attempt to give them any education? Nobody thinks it necessary to forbid the promulgation of knowledge among monkeys. If you believe the colored race are naturally inferior, I wish you would read the history of Toussaint L'Ouverture, the Washington of St. Domingo. Though perfectly black, he was unquestionably one of the greatest and best men of his age. I wish you would hear Mr. Williams of New-York, and Mr. Douglass of Philadelphia, preach a few times, before you hastily decide concerning the capacity of the colored race for intellectual improvement. As for the shape of their skulls, I shall be well satisfied if our southern brethren will emancipate all the slaves who have *not* what is called the "African conformation."

Communications.

NEW-YORK STATE SOCIETY.

Utica, Thursday evening, Sept. 16, 1841.

To the Editor of the Standard:

A large and interesting two days' meeting of the State Society has just closed. It was probably the most imposing, as to numbers, of any held in this city since 1835. A large portion of the time was devoted to the question of "political action;" the master minds, on that side of the question, produced and reproduced their strong arguments; none in the convention, to my knowledge, took the opposite side. There was much less denunciation of "no third-party" abolitionists than formerly; a favorable omen. The act of voting, however, was declared by the President, to be as obligatory upon those who possessed the elective franchise, as "the payment of an honest debt!"

A ludicrous scene, if any thing can be ludicrous, connected with a subject of such vast moment, took place during the election of officers of the Society. The committee on nominations, presented through their chairman, Gerrit Smith, a list of gentlemen from the different counties, for Vice Presidents; stating, at the same time, that the committee were not acquainted with all the gentlemen named; and if any of them should be shown not to be with us, other names would be substituted. A gentleman from Montgomery, whose name had been presented, inquired, "What was meant by '*with us?*'"—Mr. Smith answered, "that the Constitution of the Society did not require us to vote for any body; but it did forbid our voting for pro-slavery men." "O, then," says the Montgomery abolitionist, "*I am not with you!*" I wonder what kind of an abolitionist such a man thinks himself. I was happy to see him disposed of in a summary manner. Such pretenders disgrace this and every other cause.

One thousand dollars was raised on the afternoon of the first day. R.

TALES OF OPPRESSION.

BY ISAAC T. HOPPER.

No. XXXVI.

In the winter of 1808-9, several Virginia Planters went to Philadelphia, in search of colored people, slaves, who had taken refuge in that city. Most of them had been there several years; and some of them, by industry and frugality; had acquired some property. These men had been informed where they might be found, and in the evening, after they had returned from their labor, they were arrested, to the number of eleven, and placed in prison until the next morning; when they were taken before Alderman John Douglass to have a hearing. As it was late when they were arrested, I heard nothing of it till the next morning. I generally rose early, and upon opening my front door I found a letter, that had been, during the night, put under it, addressed to me. This letter stated that several slaves had been arrested, and were to appear before Alderman Douglass that morning; that the owners were men of great respectability and wealth, and had the most satisfactory proof of the persons arrested being their slaves; so that my attendance there could be of no possible benefit to them. But, if I had no more regard for justice, and the rights of those *gentlemen*, than to endeavor to wrest their property from them, by attending at the magistrate's, who knew his business, and would do justice in the case, without my aid, that my life would certainly be taken; and that my house would be burnt, while myself and my family were asleep in it. The writer invoked the most awful imprecations on himself, if he did not carry into effect these threats. As nearly as I can now recollect, these were the very words of the letter. I put it in my pocket, without saying anything about it to my family; as my wife's fears were often alarmed for my safety, and I did not wish to increase them. I had received this letter but a few minutes, when several colored persons came to inform me of the arrest of the slaves.

The time appointed for the hearing was 9 o'clock in the morning; at which time I attended. Richard Rush also attended, as counsel for the claimants. They produced testimonials of character, signed by a considerable number of highly respectable individuals in Virginia, among whom I remember the name of Bushrod Washington, one of the judges of the United States Court.

The examination was carried on with much earnestness, and some warmth. I think but two of the party were the real owners; and one of these failed in his proof as to the identity of the person he claimed; in the case of several others, the power of attorney was informal, and pronounced by the magistrate to be insufficient.—After a protracted controversy, which lasted more than two hours, he decided that four of the persons in custody were slaves, and surrendered them, to be removed to Virginia; and the other seven he discharged. This decision exasperated those men to a great degree; and they gave vent to their anger in very severe and threatening language. The constables employed on this occasion were men destitute of principle, and one of them, particularly, was truly a "lewd fellow of the baser sort;" it was he who had sent me the anonymous letter above mentioned. When he found his game had fled, he raved like a madman. It afterwards appeared that those slave hunters had agreed to give the constables fifty dollars for each of the persons arrested, provided they got them away; but if any of them were discharged, the officers were to have nothing. Hence, their great anxiety to prevent me from interfering in the case.

Three men and one woman were decreed slaves; all of whom were married to free persons. When the magistrate gave his decision, their lamentations at the prospect of being torn asunder and separated forever, were affecting in the highest degree. The hardest hearts seemed softened. Even the slaveholders were moved with compassion, and finally agreed to manumit them for seven hundred dollars. This sum was advanced by Thomas Phipps, and they returned to their homes rejoicing. The colored people, I have said, had acquired a little property; upon this they borrowed some money, and honestly refunded the amount that had been advanced.

After the business was settled, and their anger had cooled down, I invited the strangers to call and see me. They did so, and we spent the evening pleasantly together. We had much conversation on the subject of slavery, and parted with feelings of mutual respect. Before they left my house, they expressed regret at having given latitude to their resentment, and said that if they held the same opinions respecting slavery that I did, they supposed they should have done the same The colored people had no attorney.

One of these Virginians was named Thomas Hinton. I have forgotten the names of the others. Those colored people ever afterwards manifested the most lively gratitude for the assistance rendered.

I have in the course of my life received many letters of the like character with the one above mentioned; but they never had the effect to intimidate me, neither did I ever experience any inconvenience from their foolish threats.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, SEPT. 30, 1841.

PROSCRIPTION.

The opposition of southern Senators to the appointment of Mr. Edward Everett, and others, and their persecution of Joshua Coffin, appear to me atrocious.—These proceedings merit all the indignation they have excited in the free States. A new era has commenced in the affairs of this nation. An inquisition is established in the Capitol, to punish opinions; opinions, too, identical with "the self-evident truths," put forth by our fathers, in justification of their resistance to political servitude; a servitude, of which the very apostle of slaveholders, and of their chief northern supporters, declared a thousand years to be less grievous, than one hour of that personal bondage, in which as many of our countrymen are now held as there were inhabitants of the country at the time of the revolution. Yes; many hundred thousand more, than there were white inhabitants at that period. And now, behold, even a *speculative* belief in the same principles is denounced by the national inquisitors, and ferreted out, and informed against, by their familiars all over the land. Henceforth none is to be safe in the enjoyment of the rights and immunities of an American citizen, who has sinned even in thought against the creed that "slavery is the corner-stone of republican freedom." How many men are there fit for the service of the country in the free States, who can pass this ordeal? Why, Patrick Henry, or George Washington, much more Benjamin Franklin or John Jay, would have been rejected. It is enough to make the blood of freemen boil and the continent quake.

We have now *perhaps* arrived at that "beginning of the end," which David Paul Brown said some years ago had not yet come. The drama of lust, rapine and blood, has been going on through scenes of accumulating guilt and wo. Pity and horror are wound up to an intensity fit for the commencement of the unravelment.

I have been struck with the *unuttered* thoughts of some of the northern pro-slavery press. The New-York Commercial Advertiser, after repeating some general and stereotyped abuse of abolitionists, and referring to what has been done against them here, warns the South "to push us no *farther*." Ah! you *have* been pushed, then! Pushed to what? Why, to getting up riots and mobs, exciting the drunken dregs of the people to tar, and feather, and murder innocent men; to rifle and burn their dwellings, public halls, printing houses, seminaries and churches.

To what else have you been pushed? To the trifle of surrendering the right of petition, not now as to abolitionists alone, but as to the entire country. It *is* surrendered; because if it may be suspended at one session of Congress, it may at another. If the people may be lawfully deprived of it for four months, they may be for twelve, and *forever*. There is now a recorded precedent for it. It is easier to *use* precedent than to *make* it. This great right, once sacred, now trampled upon, was not limited, like most political rights, to sex or color; but belonged to all, like the common air. It was never denied nor infringed by king or Parliament, in respect to the colonies; yet our ancestors reckoned it among their grievances that their petitions "remained unanswered;" in other words, uncommitted and unargued. That I feel a need of resorting to historical illustration of this right, would show, if nothing else did, how it has been marred in our times. It was not put among the "self-evident truths" of the Declaration, because it was anterior to them. It did not need to be asserted, because it had not, since the reign of Charles the First, been denied.

Well may the gallant Colonel exclaim, "push us no farther." But can they, who have been pushed downwards so long, how much soever against conscience and will, and are still going, with increased velocity, now come to a firm stand on their sloping ground, and say, "thus far and no farther?" We shall see.

The Boston Atlas threatens the South with a general conversion of the North to abolitionism. Then there is nothing in abolitionism to prevent your adopting it from *policy* or *resentment!* The Atlas also designates us, as "that small and uninfluential party." In the first place we are no party, in any proper sense of the word; but we shall be *lamentably* large, if the Atlas executes its threat. As to influence, we have not sought it; but the laws of nature are not "uninfluential," and these are our allies. In point of fact, the nomination of the Atlas candidate, *W. H. Harrison*, was indirectly the silent and unsought, influence of abolitionists. But for this, Mr. Clay, the great favorite of the Whigs, would have been the candidate, and would probably have now been President. His slaveholding, and his inhuman speech in the Senate, but more especially, I think, the latter, were fatal, to him. It was doubtful whether he could obtain the vote of New-York, Massachusetts, Vermont or Rhode Island, by reason of the great offence he had freshly given to abolitionists. These are known as familiar facts; and why the Atlas should denominate us "uninfluential," unless it be a rule of that office, to affect a cool contempt for us, we are at a loss to understand.

The Boston Daily Advertiser, as I am informed, declares that the Union is actually at an end. I do not differ widely from this conclusion. I have considered the Union as virtually dissolved ever since prices have been set upon the heads of our countrymen, by southern legislatures, governors, and committees; lynch law proclaimed there, and in both Houses of Congress; and men of the free States scourged and put to death for an opinion, or the suspicion of an opinion. Thus it would be at this moment, if any of our fellow citizens should go South, as the Constitution guarantees him the right freely to do; and should there manifest his dissent from the modern southern doctrine, that the Declaration of Independence is "a string of abstractions," well enough as theory, but unsuited to the actual conduct of human affairs. If I do not misrecollect, one person, an Englishman, by the name of Robertson, was dragged from his chamber, whipped, tarred and feathered, near Richmond, Virginia; and then compelled, by threats of death, to walk barefoot and nearly naked, to Norfolk; merely for quoting the Declaration of Independence. His letter may be seen in the anti-slavery newspapers, I think, of 1835.

While such events have been transpiring, the Daily Advertiser has found nothing to say, unless it was to cry "peace, peace;" and denounce, not the mobs, but their victims, as the disturbers of it. While a neighbor, an upright and noble man, devoted to the service of his country, sending his newspapers about, "to do good" and not to make money, was haltered and dragged through the streets by "five thousand gentlemen," a large proportion of whom were probably subscribers or readers of the Advertiser, it had not a word of condemnation to utter, except against the injured party.

Must it not now be apparent to northern editors and politicians, that they have pursued precisely the course to embolden slaveholders to commit their late aggression, not more against the individuals nominated, than against every man in these States, who dares to think freely, and to give utterance to his thoughts? Everything which the South demanded, has been yielded—life, liberty, property—and to crown the whole, the right to complain and ask for justice. But the "Southern whip" fell then upon abolitionists alone; now that it falls upon the back of politicians and friends, though lightly as a lady's glove in comparison, the Daily Advertiser finds a tongue to trumpet to the Union that the Union is at an end. Be it so. If the Moloch is overturned, from whatever motives, human sacrifices will be no longer demanded for it; and the guilt of binding them and bearing them to the altar will be no more incurred.—D. L. C.

THE STUPID ROGUE!

A story founded on fact, with fictitious names and invented incidents, too slight to impair the truth of the narrative.

Frederic Allen, a native of Massachusetts, left the old Bay State with half her soil untilled, and, like thousands of others, went off to the West, "to seek his fortune." A gentleman, connected with him by marriage, invited him to spend a few days at his house, in Lexington, Kentucky. Everything was calculated to please the young stranger. He was delighted with the hospitality and cordial frankness of his host; all the convenient appurtenances of wealth surrounded him; the slaves looked sleek and well fed; and his youthful self-importance was not a little flattered by their servile politeness, and frequent repitition of "young massa."

The servant who brought his boots, polished like a mirror, was a particularly handsome, bright-looking mulatto, with a slight expression of mischief lurking in the corner of his eye. Seeing him at work with great slight of hand, the New Englander one day said to him, "What a smart fellow you are, Harry! You must be able to earn a great deal of money. I almost wonder you hav'n't made off for Ohio, before now."

The chamber-maid was standing near, broom in hand; Harry looked at her, and she looked up at Harry. The glance seemed to be involuntary, and was exceedingly brief; yet the stranger thought he detected in it something quizical and significant. Fearful that he was working mischief for his host, he hastily added, "Don't think that I advise you to go to Ohio, Harry. They tell me a good many of you smart fellows run off, thinking they can do better at the North; but with such a place as you've got, you'd be a fool to try it. You've got a first-rate master, hav'n't you?

"Oh, yes, massa."

"I'm glad you know when you're well off. I don't suppose you want your freedom?"

"Oh, no, massa; if there's anything I *do* despise, it's a free nigger."

"Poor creatures," replied the young man, "they don't know what it is to have a kind master, to provide for them all the year round."

He closed the door after him, as he spoke. Harry looked at Ann, raised his eye-brows, put his fore finger to the side of his nose, and gave a low, chuckling laugh. Ann did not laugh, but she looked very queer.

The next morning, Mr. Allen's boots were not brushed. "Where's Harry?" said one; and "Where's Harry?" asked another; but nobody could tell. Ann, his wife, being questioned, answered vere demurely, that she had not seen him since daylight, when he went out to take care of the horses."

On searching the stables, it was found that he had taken care of one horse, at least; for the animal was nowhere to be found. The master raved, and swore that Ann should be flogged, if she did not tell, forthwith, which way Harry had gone. Whereupon, Ann began to cry, and said very demurely, "How could *she* tell? She didn't ask Harry where he was going;" and her mistress began to cry also, begging that Ann might not be whipped.

"D——n it," said the angry master, "this is a fine piece of business! The best servant I had. I was offered $1200 for him, only last week. And the rascal has taken my horse, too."

Frederic Allen colored to the temples. "Could it have been I, that put Ohio into his head?" thought he; "Surely not; for the plan must have been longer than one night ripening. But I now remember the cunning rascal has asked me a great many questions.——I'll be hanged, if he didn't get out of me the whole history of my route from the North!"

He questioned Ann, with a scrutinizing gaze; but she looked down, very innocent and stupid, and answered with respectful brevity, baffling investigation. Having a great regard for "*property*," his mind was ill at ease; and he took opportunity to confess to his hostess that he feared he had, quite unconsciously, been an accomplice in Harry's escape.

To his great surprise she answered cheerfully, "I am glad of it, Mr. Allen; and I wish in my heart they would all walk off. As for the horse, what consequence is it? The poor fellow would have been overtaken, if he'd gone afoot. My husband is rich; and we owed Harry more wages than the horse would come to. I'm only sorry he did not take his wife and children with him."

The husband, was of a different opinion. He instituted a diligent search, and offered a large reward; but all in vain. He was, however, of a placable and easy disposition; and after swearing for a few days, blaming his own foolish indulgence, and the cursed abolition tendencies of his New-England wife, he appeared to forget all about the matter. Moreover, after five or six glasses of wine one day, he swore, with a round oath, that "Harry was no fool; and that he had done just as he would, if he were a slave."

Months passed on, and no tidings came of Harry. A new husband was provided for Ann; but she refused to live with him. Her master considered this a very unprofitable arrangement; and as usual, swore at her for her obstinacy. But when he tried to convince her that Harry would never come back, she cried; and though he threatened to have her flogged, he could never bring his mind to give the orders. His slaves knew very well that they had a friend in his own household, and a secret pleader in his own unhardened heart.

Before a year had elapsed, to the astonishment of all but one, Harry came back, ragged and dirty, with a long beard, and bare feet. He knelt to his master, begging forgiveness. "I did not know how well off I was," said he. "I was deceived with the lies they told me about freedom. I thought I could yet a good living, if I was free; but that Canada is a miserable place. I've worn out the good clothes you give me, massa; and I couldn't get a dollar to buy any more. I've been starved and frozen; and I'm sick enough of freedom. If you'll only forgive me, massa, I'll be proud to work for you the longest day I have to live."

Of course, the master *did* forgive him; and he had a bright new suit of clothes, forthwith; and his master gave him a silver dollar; and Frederic Allen gave him a silver dollar; and the neighboring planters praised him, and gave him tobacco and small change. Moreover, the generous Kentuckian gave a servant's ball on the occasion, to all the slaves on the plantation; and they had plenty of cake and grog; and they were all told to look up to Harry, and hear what Harry had to say, and follow Harry's example. And Harry was repeatedly instructed to take every opportunity of talking with them; and not be sparing of pains to let them know all about his experience of freedom.

The intelligent slave obeyed these orders with a zeal, which, had it been duly appreciated, would have raised him as high as Haman; that is, fifty cubits higher than he wished. For three months, he labored with unbounded diligence, and was treated with a degree of consideration that excited the envy of all his class. Even his mistress began to think it was indeed better for the poor creatures to have somebody to support and protect them; forgetting the self-evident fact that the masters are the ones that "cannot take care of themselves."

But one night, as she lay awake, she heard at midnight the shutting of doors, and the suppressed murmuring of voices. For a moment, she was alarmed; but then came the conviction that some of the servants were ill; so she turned upon her pillow, and slept quietly till morning.

Ann did not appear, as usual, to assist at her toilet.—She was nowhere to be found. She had gone; and Harry was gone; and the children were gone; and Ann's brother and sister, and Harry's two brothers, had gone along with them; and about that time seventeen slaves in the neighborhood disappeared strangely.

Harry had been ordered to tell them all he knew about freedom, and he had taken care that no opportunity should be lost. Many a sly glance had passed between him and Ann, when praises were showered upon him; and when she expressed any doubts about the projected expedition, he answered, "Never you fear. You know I went a purpose to find out about things; and I tell you we can get a good living; and nobody can catch us, after we get into Canada; and I know the road, now, just as well as I know the way to bed; and I know folks that'll let us have fresh horses every fifteen miles. I've got money enough to pay 'em for it, too. Did'nt I bring my wages stitched in my ragged coat? And hasn't master given me a silver dollar, and many a shining sixpence? And haven't the gentlemen, all round, given me a power of cash? Because, you see, I like to be a *slave* so well!" The mischievous fellow made a significant motion with his finger, and looked out of the corner of his eye, with inexpressible roguery; and Ann thought, what she often said, that "her Harry was about the cutest chap ever raised in old Kentuck."

This last effort completely astounded the Kentuckian. He did not even swear about it; but manifested a most decided aversion ever to hear the subject mentioned. In fact, both himself and his wife were in that state of mind, that one hour's conversation with such an one as John Woolman, or Elias Hicks, would have produced the entire emancipation of all their slaves.

Had the moral sentiment of New-England been sound on this subject, and had Frederic Allen carried thence to Kentucky true principles of freedom, a few words from him, seasonably spoken, would have redeemed them all.

But the moral sentiment of the free States is corrupt; and therefore the thoughtless young man found nothing better to utter than reproaches on the "ungrateful negroes." Reader, are you quite guiltless of co-partnership in forming and sustaining this unhealthy public sentiment? I fear not.—L. M. C.

LETTERS FROM NEW-YORK.—No. 7.

A few days since, I crossed the East river to Brooklyn, on Long Island; named by the Dutch, Breuck-len, or the Broken-land. Brooklyn Heights, famous in Revolutionary history, command a magnificent view of the city of New-York, the neighboring islands, and harbour; and being at least a hundred feet above the river, and open to the sea, they are never unvisited by a refreshing and invigorating breeze. A few years ago, these salubrious heights might have been purchased by the city at a very low price, and converted into a promenade, of beauty unrivalled throughout the world; but speculators have now laid hands upon them, and they are being dug away to make room for stores, with convenient landings from the river. In this process, they not unfrequently turn out the bones of soldiers, buried there during the battles and skirmishes of the Revolution.

We turned aside to took in upon the small, neat burying-ground of the Methodist church, where lie the bones of that remarkable young man, the Rev. John Summerfield. In the course of so short a life, few have been able to impress themselves so deeply and vividly on the memory of a thousand hearts, as this eloquent disciple of Christ. None who heard the fervid outpourings of his gifted soul could ever forget him. His grave is marked by a horizontal marble slab, on which is inscribed a long, well written epitaph. The commencement of it is the most striking:

"Rev. John Summerfield. Born in England; born again in Ireland. By the first, a child of genius; by the second, a child of God. Called to preach at 19; died at 27."

Dwellings were around this little burying-ground, separated by no fences, their thresholds divided from the graves only by a narrow foot-path. I was anxious to know what might be the effect on the spiritual character of children, accustomed to look out continually upon these marble slabs, to play among the grassy mounds, and perchance to "take their little porringer, and eat their supper there."

About two miles from the ferry, we came to the marshy village of Gowannus, and crossed the mill-pond where nearly a whole regiment of young Marylanders were cut off, retreating before the British, at the unfortunate battle of Long Island. A farm near by furnishes a painful illustration of the unwholesome excitement attendant upon speculation. Here dwelt an honest, ignorant, peaceful old man, who inherited from his father a farm of little value. Its produce was, however, enough to supply his moderate wants; and he took great pleasure in a small, neatly kept flower-garden, from which he was ever ready to gather a bouquet for travellers. Thus quietly lived the old-fashioned farmer and his family, and thus they might have gone home to their fathers, had not a band of speculators foreseen that the rapidly increasing city would soon take in Brooklyn, and stretch itself across the marshes of Gowannus. Full of these visions, they called upon the old man, and offered him $70,000 for a farm which had, originally, been bought almost for a song. $10,000, in silver and gold, were placed on the table before him; he looked at them, fingered them over, seemed bewildered, and agreed to give a decisive answer on the morrow. The next morning found him a raving maniac! And thus he now roams about, recklessly tearing up the flowers he once loved so dearly, and keeping his family in continual terror.

On the high ground, back of this marsh, is Greenwood Cemetery, the object of our pilgrimage. The site is chosen with admirable taste. The grounds, beautifully diversified with hill and valley, are nearly covered with a noble old forest, from which it takes its cheerful name of the Green Wood.

The area of two hundred acres comprises a greater variety of undulating surface than Mount Auburn, and I think excels it in natural beauty. From embowered glades and deeply shaded dells, you rise in some places twenty feet, and in others more than two hundred, above the sea. Mount Washington, the highest and most remarkable of these elevations, is two hundred and sixteen feet high. The scenery here is of picturesque and resplendent beauty;—comprising an admirable view of New-York; the shores of North and East river, sprinkled with villages; Staten Island, that lovely gem of the sea; the entire harbor, white with the sails of a hundred ships; and the margin of the Atlantic, stretching

from Sandy Hook beyond the Rockaway Pavilion. A magnificent monument to Washington is to be erected here.

Thence we rambled along, through innumerable sinuosities, until we came to a quiet little lake, which bears the pretty name of Sylvan Water. Fish abound here, undisturbed; and shrubs in their wild, natural state, bend over the margin to dip their feet and wash their faces.

"Here come the little gentle birds,
Without a fear of ill,
Down to the murmuring water's edge,
And freely drink their fill."

As a gun is never allowed to enter the premises, the playful squirrels "drop down from the leafy tree," and the air of spring is redolent with woodland melody.

An hour's wandering brought us round to the same place again; for here, as at Mount Auburn, it is exceedingly easy for the traveller to lose his way in labyrinthine mazes.

"The wandering paths that wind and creep,
Now o'er the mountain's rugged brow,
And now where sylvan waters sleep
In quiet beauty, far below;
Those paths which many a lengthened mile
Diverge, then meet, then part once more,
Like those which erst in Creta's isle,
Were trod by fabled Minotaur."

Except the beautiful adaptation of the roads and paths to the undulating nature of the ground, Art has yet done but little for Greenwood. It is said the Company that purchased it for a cemetery, will have the good taste to leave the grounds as nearly as possible in a state of nature. But as funds are increased by the sale of burying-lots, the entire precincts will be enclosed within terrace-walls, a handsome gate-way and chapel will be erected, and a variety of public monuments. The few private monuments now there, are mostly of Egyptian model, with nothing remarkable in their appearance.

On this spot was fought the bloody battle of Long Island.

"'Tis hallow'd ground on which we gaze:
Each wood, each hill, each glen,
Lives in the record of those days
Which 'tried the souls of men.'
This fairy scene, so quiet now,
Where murmuring winds breathe soft and low,
And bright birds carol sweet,
Once heard the ringing clash of steel,
The shout, the shriek, the volley'd peal,
The rush of flying feet!"

When the plan was first suggested, of finding some quiet, sequestered place, for a portion of the innumerable dead of this great city, many were very urgent to have it called The Necropolis, meaning The City of the Dead; but Cemetery was more wisely chosen; for the old Greeks signified thereby The Place of Sleep. We still need a word of *Christian* significance, implying, "They are not here; they have risen." I should love to see this cheerful motto over the gate-way.

The increase of beautiful burial-grounds, like Mount Auburn and Greenwood, is a good sign. Blessed be all agencies that bring our thoughts into pleasant companionship with those who have "ended their pilgrimage, and begun their life." Banished forever be the sable garments, the funeral pall, the dismal, unshaded ground. If we *must* attend to a change of garments, while our hearts are full of sorrow, let us wear sky-blue, like the Turks, to remind us of heaven. The horror and the gloom, with which we surround death, indicates too surely our want of living faith in the souls's immortality.—Deeply and seriously impressed we must needs be, whenever called to contemplate the mysterious close of "our hood-winked march from we know not whence, to we know not whither;" but terror and gloom ill become the disciples of Him, who asked with such cheerful significance, "Why seek ye the Living among the Dead?"

I rejoice greatly to observe that these ideas are gaining ground in the community. Individuals of all sects, and in many cases entire churches, are abjuring the custom of wearing mourning; and Protestant christendom is fast converting its dismal, barricaded burial grounds into open, flowery walks. The Catholics have always done so. I know not whether the intercession of Saints, and long continued masses for the dead bring their imaginations into more frequent and nearer communion, with the departed; but for some reason or other, they keep more bright than we do the link between the living and the dead. Hence, their tombs constantly supplied with garlands by the hand of affection; and the innocent babe lying uncoffined on its bier in the open church, with fragrant flowers in its little hand, and the mellow light from painted windows resting on its sweet uncovered face.—Great is the power of Faith!—L. M. C.

THE CONSTITUTION OF RHODE-ISLAND.

It is well known that this State has no Constitution, but still retains the charter, which King Charles gave to the first settlers. By the terms of this charter none are allowed to vote but landholders and their oldest sons.—The representation in the Legislature is, moreover, very unequal; for instance, the city of Providence has but four representatives, while Newport, with one fourth the number of inhabitants, is allowed to have six.

Efforts have been made, from time to time, to extend the right of suffrage, and equalize the representation.—They have hitherto been unsuccessful; but we are glad to see the popular will now manifesting itself with an energy that must insure success.

We trust their new constitution will be worded wisely and well; that the descendants of Roger Williams will do nothing to diminish their deserved reputation, as friends of civil and religious liberty.

We understand there is reason to fear that the word "white" will be inserted, with the view of excluding colored people from the privileges of citizenship. If this *is* done, it will be an eternal disgrace to Rhode-Island.—It is a foul blot on constitutions formed half a century ago; what, then, must it be *now*? We trust the friends of freedom will be vigilant and active in this matter. It is of vital importance to the honor of that State, and to the cause of general humanity. If that ugly, monopolizing word is inserted now, it will, ere long, most assuredly have to be erased, through much unpleasant conflict.—Let the evil be arrested at the beginning.

At a meeting of the friends of suffrage, held in Providence, they unanimously resolved that "any form of Government depriving one class of citizens of privileges which are granted to another, is not only aristocratic, but oppressive and tyrannical; and should not be tolerated in a land professedly Republican."

Men who sustained those sentiments, and published them to the world, ought to be ashamed to give a vote for the insertion of the word "white" in their constitution; it would indeed be a disgraceful contradiction. And who, in Rhode-Island, will deny that the above resolution is just and true?—L. M. C.

THOMAS PAUL.

This young man is the son of the late Reverend Thomas Paul, minister of the African church, in Boston. After being refused by nearly every college in New England, under one pretence or another, he at last obtained admission at Dartmouth; where he maintained a highly respectable rank as a scholar. In complexion he is nearly white, and his manner is very mild and unassuming. He had to endure some indignities from southern and pro-slavery students, and the prejudices of occasional visiters; but, as a general thing, he was treated with much respect and esteem. His aged mother is very poor, and bowed down with many afflictions. The death of her worthy, intelligent, and capable daughter, Susan Paul, has left her entirely dependent upon Thomas. He is desirous to obtain a situation in which he can render himself useful, and obtain support. He is an excellent penman, and has taken pains to fit himself for a teacher. He has very little self-reliance, and needs to be encouraged. Will our friends be on the look out for him?

THE LIBERTY BELL.

We would call notice to the advertisement of this valuable little annual. Friends of the cause should be prompt and generous in affording assistance, whether with the purse or the pen. The publication of it has always been a source of pecuniary profit to the cause; and being sold at the Fair, it passes into the hands of many who do not usually see anti-slavery publications.

JAMES C. JACKSON.

This very zealous and efficient agent, has addressed a letter to the Executive Committee of the American Society, resigning his office as Corresponding Secretary.—He assigns reasons connected with his own health, and personal convenience, and adds: "The American Anti-Slavery Society has my warmest sympathies, and shall have my heartiest and most devoted efforts for its continuance. I pray the spirit of freedom to keep its platform firm and broad, until slavery is dead."

THE YOUTH'S CABINET.—We are glad to see that friend Southard continues to sustain this useful little periodical so well. It contains a variety of information for common use, and the moral tone is always healthy. Those who have families, cannot fail to find it an instructive companion for their children.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS.—Those recent subscribers, who did not receive last week's Standard, must not attach blame to the agents for publication. The fact is, new names came in such abundance, that the usual surplus papers would not meet the demand. This week we have printed more.

☞ City readers will please notice the advertisement of the MANHATTAN SOCIETY for this evening. It will be an interesting meeting.

Anti-Slavery Items.

NEW PAPER.—The first No. of "The Madison County Abolitionist," has been published at Cazenovia, New-York. L. Myrick, of the Union Herald, and James C. Jackson, are announced as co-editors. It contains a letter from Gerrit Smith, from which we extract the following. The italics are our own.

"Let us do what we can toward multiplying subscribers to the paper. That will secure a living to Mr. Myrick. And let us pay Mr. Jackson, to enable him to support his family, six hundred dollars a year. I will pay towards this amount, twelve dollars and fifty cents per month, for the first year.

"Some abolitionists will perhaps refuse to bestow their patronage on this newspaper, because Mr. Myrick and Mr. Jackson contended last year for the superiority of the scattering, or interrogation system, to the policy of independent abolition nominations. The only reply that need be made is, that whether they or their opponents were right, abolitionists have, with rapid approaches to unanimity, adopted the policy of independent nominations. That policy is now settled, and comparatively few abolitionists refuse to acquiesce in it. The question, whether abolitionists can most promote their holy cause by scattering their votes or concentrating them, is a question of mere expediency; and abolitionists love that holy cause too well, to be kept long apart from each other by a mere question of expediency.

"The abolitionists of the County of Madison may rest assured, that whatever may have been, *or may still be*, Mr. Myrick's and Mr. Jackson's views of the wisdom or the policy of independent abolition nominations, *they will, now that this has become the policy of nineteen-twentieths of anti-slavery voters, heartily support it*; and exert their powers to band together at the polls all the abolitionists who go to the polls. If we have any abolitionists in the county, who conscientiously refrain from voting and taking part in civil government, I hope Mr. Myrick and Mr. Jackson will not ridicule or denounce them for their fidelity to conscience."

Mr. Jackson is likewise to exert his very popular talents as a lecturer in Madison County, as his health and strength may permit. He says to his readers: "I shall give my influence to the support of INDEPENDENT NOMINATIONS, and do it cheerfully; while I confess I have so much egotism as to think I could devise a safer and speedier plan of political operations; safer, inasmuch as it would relieve the cause of some tendencies I would were not in existence; speedier, because I believe the people could be reached faster, and their prejudices uprooted sooner. Yet, as others—and the vast majority they are in New-York—have as much SELF-ESTEEM, and quite as much FIRMNESS, as myself, and they think the INDEPENDENT NOMINATION decidedly the most efficient plan, I must keep aloof from all association with my brethren, or go *their* plan. I therefore choose to yield up my plan, rather than to be made a mere '*abstraction*,' as I have no fellowship with abstractions."

OHIO MOB.—We have mentioned that a meeting of citizens was called at the Court House, in the midst of the riot, and that they passed resolutions to pacify the South. Mingled with promises to maintain the law, protect the citizens &c., were the following resolutions:

"Resolved, That we will abide by the law, disclaiming all violence, but carrying it out to the letter until our citizens are relieved of the effect of modern abolitionism—and our southern brethren may be assured that this is no idle move, but will be carried out in good faith."

"Resolved, That every negro who escapes from his master and comes within our borders, shall be delivered up under the law of Congress forthwith."

"Resolved, That we view with abhorrence the proceedings of the abolitionists in our city, and that we repudiate their doctrines and believe it to be the duty of every good citizen, by all lawful means, to discountenance every man who lends them his assistance."

The following were the gentlemen appointed to report the resolutions:

J. W. Piatt, J. C. Avery, R. A. Madison, J. C. Vaughan, B. Storer, D. T. Disney, James Read, James Goodin, N. W. Thomas.

Of these, J. C. Vaughan, editor of the Cincinnati Republican, who is a native of South Carolina, and B. Storer, disclaimed and disapproved the mingling foreign subjects with the plain business of the meeting.

The editor of the Republican says:

"The meeting at the Court House was an ill-advised and miserable affair, for the time, and did harm; and what is more, it will disgrace our name. What, when a mob has possession of our city, when lawlessness stalked abroad, when private property, and the sacredness even of home, are disregarded, shall we stop to disavow Abolitionism, or pledge our faith to our southern brethren? The best pledge, the only pledge worth having or giving is the maintenance of order, and the only word which that meeting ought to have breathed or uttered, was the simple and stern resolve to *maintain the law inviolate at all hazards*. The honor of the city, our own honor, demanded that nothing more or less should have been said."

Mr. Vaughan tried to prevent the passage of the infamous resolutions, by substituting one well suited to the emergency; but he was cried down.

The master-spirit of violence was J. W. Piatt. He drew up an inflammatory resolution, denouncing the late decision of the Supreme Court at Labanon; but this was dropped. He made a furious speech against the abolitionists, which was more appropriate to a meeting called to raise a mob, than to quell one.

The Kentucky press complains that their citizens are unjustly charged with instigating the mob. We by no means suppose that a majority of Kentuckians would have sanctioned such proceedings; but that it was done by violent and reckless spirits among them there is no doubt. Some Kentuckians were, in fact, arrested while acting with the rioters, and are now in jail. Moreover, men claiming to be Kentuckians were heard and seen urging the mob forward to the destruction of negroes and abolitionists, and declaring that the citizens of Ohio were not fit to take the lead.

A Kentucky company, called the Warsaw Guards, were informed that the authorities of Cincinnati, had sent for their assistance to put down a mob of negroes and abolitionists, who were committing awful depredations on life and property. They obeyed the summons, and addressed a note to the mayor, explaining their errand; to which, strange to relate, he returned no answer! Another singular thing is, that no guard whatever was placed at the office of the Philanthropist; though everybody must have known that was the most likely point of attack. Indeed things looked very much as if the civil authorities, and the military, both disliked the abolitionists more than they did the mobocrats.

One soldier, being asked what the mob had done, replied, "What they ought to have done long ago—pulled down the abolition press, and thrown it into the river." Well, what did the soldiers do?" "Looked on, pleased enough," was the answer.

The editor of the Philanthropist thinks the mob would soon have taken place under any circumstances; and that the accidental quarrel between a few Irishmen and negroes was merely siezed upon as a pretext. He asserts that the abolitionists gave no provocation whatever; and that the negroes acted purely on the defensive.

The blackest feature in this transaction is the outrage committed on colored women and children, after husbands and fathers were disarmed and marched off to jail, on the plea of protecting them. The faith of the city was pledged to guard those defenceless families; yet the mob were suffered to break open trunks and bureaus, tear down their houses, and brutally violate their women!

The Kentuckians were accused of lighting a bonfire on Saturday night, in token of triumph; but they deny this, and say it was the light of a coke furnace. For their own credit, we trust it was.

LIBERIA.—It is said that a number of the oldest and most respectable colored people in Cincinnati, are making arrangements to dispose of their effects, and remove to Liberia; driven by violence and cajoled by false representations.

MOB IN KENTUCKY.—A Methodist church in Maysville, built for the colored people, and mainly by their own contributions, has lately been pulled down by a mob. There is no provocation alledged. Citizens had expressed fears concerning meetings being held there in the evening; and the mayor had, accordingly, given orders that it should be open only in the day time. Even the New-York Enquirer, cries out at *this*; declaring that "the negroes are at *least* entitled to the privilege of enjoying, unmolested, communion with their God."

CONFIRMED NOMINATIONS.—The following is the official account of the action of the United States Senate on the nomination of Edward Everett, Joel Eastman, and James Wilson; all opposed by the South on abolition ground:

On the nomination of Edward Everett.

YEAS—Messrs. Bates, Berrien, Choate, Clay, of Kentucky, Clayton, Dixon, Evans, Graham, Huntington, Mangum, Merrick, Miller, Morehead, Phelps, Porter, Prentiss, Rives, Simmons, Smith, of Indiana, Southard, Tallmadge, White, Woodbridge—23.

NAYS—Messrs. Allen, Archer, Benton, Buchanan, Calhoun, Clay, of Alabama, Cuthbert, Fulton, King, Linn, McRoberts, Mouton, Preston, Sevier, Smith, of Connecticut, Sturgeon, Tappan, Woodbury, Young—19.

On the nomination of Joel Eastman.

YEAS—Messrs. Bates, Berrien Choate, Clay, of Kentucky, Clayton, Dixon, Evans, Huntington, Mangum, Merrick, Miller, Morehead, Phelps, Porter, Prentiss, Rives, Simmons, Smith, of Indiana, Southard, Tallmadge, White, Woodbridge—22.

NAYS—Messrs. Allen, Archer, Benton, Buchanan, Calhoun, Clay, of Alabama, Cuthbert, Fulton, King, Linn, McRoberts, Sevier, Smith, of Connecticut, Walker, Woodbury, Young—16.

On the nomination of James Wilson.

YEAS—Messrs. Bates, Bayard, Berrien, Choate, Clay, of Kentucky, Clayton, Dixon, Evans, Graham, Huntington, Mangum, Merrick, Miller, Morehead, Phelps, Porter, Prentiss, Preston, Rives, Simmons, Smith, of Indiana, Southard, Tallmadge, White, Woodbridge—25.

NAYS—Messrs. Allen, Benton, Buchanan, Calhoun, Clay, of Alabama, Cuthbert, Fulton, Henderson, King, Linn, McRoberts, Mouton, Nicholson, Sevier, Smith, of Connecticut, Sturgeon, Tappan, Walker, Woodbury, Wright, Young—21.

BUXTON'S PLAN.—The African Luminary says:

"The British "African Civilization" Expedition to the River Niger, for obtaining all necessary information, moral, physical, and political; and making treaties with the tribes in the great valley of the Niger; preparatory to carrying out the grand Buxton plans for the extinction of the slave trade, and the civilization of Africa, honored our Roadstead with its presence on Monday morning, 5th inst. It is composed of three iron steamboats, and a schooner with supplies; all well armed, and manned with about 400 men; commanded by officers of the greatest worth and experience; and accompanied by a full and able scientific corps.

The appearance of this squadron in our waters, was hailed as a new era in African coast and river navigation.

Captain Trotter commands the expedition."

ABOLITIONISTS IN PRISON.—Burr, Wash, and Thompson, the three young men from the Mission Institute in Illinois, who were arrested in Missouri on the charge of helping certain slaves to escape, have been convicted, and sentenced to the penitentiary for twelve years. Previous to their conviction, the St. Louis Republican, speaking of the great excitement, said: "The three abolitionists, it seems, only attempted to entice the slaves away, and this is not an offence against the criminal law of the State. A law was passed in 1837, prescribing a punishment for publishing, circulating, &c., anything calculated to excite slaves to insurrection, &c., but the crime of enticing away slaves appears not to be provided for.

"Our informant states that it was the general understanding that they could not be indicted; and if it should so turn out, there would probably be worse fare for the prisoners than if they went to the penitentiary."

AN AFFRAY.—We learn that rather a serious affray took place a few days since, in the neighborhood of Brownsville, Ia., in consequence of an attempt, on the part of the owners, to capture a couple of runaway negroes. The negroes were found at work in the field of an abolitionist; and, on attempting to arrest them, one of the abolitionists who interfered had his throat nearly cut, and one of the negroes, whilst escaping, was wounded by a pistol shot. Through the assistance of the abolitionists, however, both the negroes made good their escape. We understand that two men from Warsaw were the persons engaged in the attempt to capture the blacks above alluded to. They fled, we are informed, on the conclusion of the affair, to avoid being arrested in Indiana. An intelligent citizen of Indiana has mentioned to us a rumor that the Governor of that State is about to demand their surrender. If so, a serious difficulty may possibly grow out of the business.—*Louisville Journal.*

METHODIST CHURCH MEMBERS.—The General Methodist Conference held at Baltimore, May, 1840,

"Resolved, That it is inexpedient and unjustifiable in any of our ministers, to admit the testimony of colored persons against *white* persons in church trials, in those states and territories where the testimony of such persons is rejected in courts of law."

The Morning Star says:—

"This resolution includes not only slave States, but also the States of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois; and cuts off, it is said, the testimony of *twenty thousand* members of the Methodist church. TWENTY THOUSAND members in full communion, whose word cannot be taken under all the penalties and solemnities of an *oath!*"

VERMONT A. S. SOCIETY.—The eighth annual meeting of this Society was held 9th Sept. last. The Vermont Telegraph says the attendance was good, and the discussions interesting. The principal resolution adopted, was one declaring

"That the time has fully come when we can and ought to appoint an agent to visit the slaveholding States, and press the subject of emancipation upon the consideration of slaveholders, and the Legislatures of the several slaveholding States."

This resolution produced a good deal of discussion, and met with pretty strong opposition, from some of the oldest and most experienced abolitionists of the society, and was finally carried against a large minority. The grounds of opposition are not stated.

The following resolution, withdrawing auxilia ryship from the American Anti-Slavery Society, was adopted:

"Resolved, That the first article of the Constitution of this Society be so altered that hereafter we may act independently of all foreign connection."

Against this resolution, Rowland T. Robinson, O. S. Murray, and seven others entered their protest, because, they said, 'it inflicts a censure upon the parent Society which we believe to be entirely unjust,—that Society having in our opinion, from its organization to the present time, acted in all good faith according to the letter and spirit of its constitution, and for the best interests of the holy cause in which we are engaged."

TREASURER'S RECEIPTS

For the week ending 9th mo. (Sept.) 28.

For the Standard.—R. Smith, Locke, N. Y., $1; E. White, Philadelphia, $2; E. Pusey, Wilmington, Del., $2; Jairus Lincoln, Hingham, Mass., $20 14; Z. Kingsley, Florida, $2; Hiram A. Morse, Holliston, Mass., $6 25; Thomas Haskell, Gloucester, Mass., $2; Zilpah Thompson, East Fairfield, Columbiana county, Ohio, $2; Joshua Hanna, Pittsburgh, Pa., $2; James Rider, jr., Norwich, Ct., $2.

The following persons have paid $1 50 each:—Jacob Van Pelt, Samuel Drake, George Brown, James Trisler, Thompson Harrison, Joseph M. Lewis, John Weeks, Jas. D. Ladd, Martins Ferry, Belmont county, Ohio; Charles Wright, Coleraine, Belmont county, Ohio; Abby Alfred, New Lisbon, Ohio; John Heberling, Short Creek, Harrison county, Ohio; Daniel Bonsall, Salem, Ohio; Wm. B. Irish, New Lisbon, Ohio; Martha Millard, New Garden, Ohio.—Total, $62 39.

Donations.—Ezer Dillon, Lloydsville, Ohio, 50 cents; Jesse Gregg, Lloydsville, Ohio, 50 cents; W. Hoge, Lloydsville, Ohio, 25 cents; Stephen Gregg, Lloydsville, Ohio, 18 cents; Cash, Lloydsville, Ohio, 12 cents; Abby Alfred, New Lisbon, Ohio, 50 cents.

ISAAC T. HOPPER, *Treas.*

THE ONE DOLLAR PLAN.

The following was passed unanimously at the late anniversary:

Resolved, That every friend of the American Anti-Slavery Society be earnestly recommended to pay into the Treasury of the Society, during the present year, a sum not less than ONE DOLLAR; that every auxiliary Society be advised to urge this recommendation upon the friends of the cause in its vicinity; and that the Executive Committee be requested to publish weekly in the Standard an account of the moneys that may be received into the treasury under this proposition.

In compliance with this resolution, we shall set apart a corner of the paper for the acknowledgment of these ONE DOLLAR RECEIPTS, distinct from the Treasurer's usual account. We trust our friends were in earnest, when they voted for this resolution, and that they will not forget the obligation it imposes upon them. Those who give larger sums will still do well to add this small donation to the list. It is very important that the Society should have some certain data to go upon, as a basis for pecuniary arrangements.

PAYMENT RECEIVED.

Amount previously acknowledged			$645 00
646	Samuel Sellers Darby, Pa.		1 00
647	Rebecca Neall, Philadelphia,		1 00
648	Ann Warren Weston, Boston,		1 00
649	Jairus Lincoln, Hingham, Massachusetts,		1 00
650	Mary C. Lincoln,	" "	1 00
651	Increase S. Smith,	" "	1 00
652	Evelina A. S. Smith,	" "	1 00
653	Maria A. Sylvester,	" "	1 00
654	Eliza Thaxter,	" "	1 00
655	Catherine Thaxter,	" "	1 00
656	Anna Thaxter,	" "	1 00
657	Sydney H. Gay,	" "	1 00
658	Louisa R. Beal,	" "	1 00
659	Mary Tidmarsh,	" "	1 00
660	Eli Nichols, Lloydsville, Ohio,		1 00
661	John K. Newton, Martin's Ferry, Ohio,		1 00
662	Charles Wright,	" "	1 00
663	Thompson Harrison,	" "	1 00
664	Cash,	" "	1 00
665	Elizabeth Wood,	" "	1 00
666	Joel Wood,	" "	1 00
667	Benjamin Stanton, Salem,	" "	1 00
668	S. C. Whitney,	" "	1 00
669	S. Reynolds,	" "	1 00
670	Laura Stanton,	" "	1 90
671	John Satterthwait,	" "	1 00
672	Daniel Bonsall,	" "	1 00
673	Thomas Danarmada,	" "	1 00
674	Samuel Gibbons,	" "	1 00
675	William C. Alexander, New Lisbon,		1 00
676	Samuel Nichols, Columbiana,		1 00
677	Triphena Nichols,	"	1 00
678	Samuel Nichols	"	1 00
679	"A Friend" W. Brattleboro, Vt.		1 00
680	Stephen Smith, Philadelphia,		1 00
681	Robert Purvis,	"	1 00
682	T. S. Hanaden, Concord, N. H.		1 00
683	John R. French,	" "	1 00

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

General Items.

Murder.—Mr. Samuel Adams, a printer in New-York, a respectable and religious man, was murdered a few days since. It is almost beyond a doubt that the horrible deed was committed by J. C. Colt, author of a Treatise on Book-keeping, and brother of the inventor of repeating rifles and pistols. He is supposed to have owed Mr. Adams for printing, and to have killed him when he went to his room to dun for money. A scuffle was heard in Colt's room by those in the adjoining apartments, and a number of subsequent events served to excite their suspicions; especially, as Adams was suddenly missing.—His body has been found, packed with salt, in a large wooden box, directed to St. Louis, via. New-Orleans; and it is proved that Colt sent the box on board ship.—He is of course arrested.

Murder of Mary Rogers.—The scene of this horrible transaction is at last discovered; but not the actors. A parasol, scarf, gloves, and handkerchief marked with her name, have been found bedded in mud, and stained with mildew, in a small briery thicket, in a lonely wood, half way between the Elysian Fields of Hoboken, and Weehawken. The place was much stamped about, and branches broken, as if in a violent struggle. She was last seen at a small house of refreshment on the road, in company with a dark-complexioned young man.—A shanty in the path is much resorted to on Sundays by rowdies from New-York. On the day in question, an unusual number of them had collected there, and were in a very excited and violent state. The woman who kept the house of refreshment, heard terrible screams subsiding into stifled groans; but drunken scuffles were so common, that they did not make a deep impression on her mind. There is now no doubt that these desperate wretches dragged the poor girl into the thicket for the basest purposes, and then murdered her to avoid detection. Who the young man was with whom she took the excursion, and whether or not he too was murdered, remains in the dark.

Florida.—The chief, Hospitaka, has been seized, with fifteen of his chief warriors, and promises the surrender of all his people. They came to have an interview with Col. Worth, and were arrested on suspicion of treachery. It is said that they were fully convicted of mischievous intentions, by their own confessions since the arrest. We hope there has been perfectly fair play; but since the affair of Osceola, we have read such things with distrust. The poor Indians have no historians, and no newspapers, to tell *their* side of the story. Col. Worth has carried on the war with great energy, and apparently with a sincere wish to bring it to a conclusion. He reports that the Indians on all hands exhibit unequivocal signs of a desire to end the struggle.

Texas.—This redoubtable republic is doing its utmost to establish a bond of union with Yucatan, Tobasco, and any other province that will revolt against Mexico.—Mexico, full of fire and fury, threatens to march an army against them all; according to her stereotyped declamations of six years' standing. The expedition sent out from Texas to Santa Fe to coax or drive them to join the crusade against the central government, has not yet returned. *How came the editor of the N. O. Picayune to join that expedition?* What plan is afoot now?

Persons Burnt.—The house of Sylvester H. Brown, on South Creek, near Elmira, was destroyed by fire. His two little sons, a daughter, and a man named Thomas Smith, were burned to death. Mr. Smith, his wife and babe, who slept in a lower room, had difficulty to escape in their night clothes. The fire took from a stove shanty adjoining.

Ex-Governor Ritner.—The office of Director of the Mint has been recently withdrawn from this excellent man, by the President, on the ground that a recent disease of the eyes rendered him unfit to discharge its luties. The Philadelphia Inquirer says the President was misinformed as to the extent of Mr. Ritner's blindness. It is probably easy to convince him that abolitionists are blind.

Case of Somnambulism.—A female passenger in the last train of cars from Brooklyn, to Jamaica, fell asleep, and while in that state jumped from the cars on the track without receiving any injury. This extraordinary feat was performed while the cars were running under a full head of steam.

Border War.—A few hundred restless spirits on the frontier, calling themselves "patriots," seem to be determined to bring about a war if possible. A few days ago an attempt was made by some Americans to blow up two British steamboats, lying at Chippewa. The Canadians, on their part, about 12 or 15 in number, lately came four miles over the line, to Alburgh, Vt. seized and gagged a Mr. Crogan, a Canadian Refugee, accused of being an actor in their late rebellion, and hurried him off to jail. He fought violently, and was severely wounded in the struggle. The public mind is in a very inflamed state. The canal and frontier are patrolled night and day by British troops.

McLeod.—The trial has begun this week. A panel of forty-eight jurors were drawn in the presence of the first Judge and Sheriff of the County. A correspondent of the New-York American says: "The Canadian refugees seek all they can to inflame the public mind as to McLeod: evidence sufficient to convict an angel, will not be lacking at their hands; and if not successful in obtaining his conviction, and speedy execution, too, they make it their boast, they will themselves do justice."

The threatening aspect of things has called forth the following

Proclamation of the President of the United States.

Whereas it has come to the knowledge the of Government of the United States that sundry secret Lodges, Clubs, or Associations exist on the Northern Frontier; that the members of these Lodges are bound together by secret oaths; that they have collected fire-arms and other military materials, and secreted them in sundry places; and that it is their purpose to violate the laws of their country by making military and lawless incursions, when opportunity shall offer, into the territories of a Power with which the United States are at peace; and whereas it is known that travelling agitators, from both sides of the line, visit these Lodges, and harangue the members in secret meeting, stimulating them to illegal acts; and whereas the same persons are known to levy contributions on the ignorant and credulous for their own benefit, thus supporting and enriching themselves by the basest means; and whereas the unlawful intentions of the members of these Lodges have already been manifested in an attempt to destroy the lives and property of the inhabitants of Chippewa, in Canada, and the public property of the British Government there being: Now, therefore, I, JOHN TYLER, President of the United States, do issue my proclamation, admonishing all such evil-minded persons of the condign punishment which is certain to overtake them; assuring them that the law of the United States will be rigorously executed against their illegal acts; and that if, in any lawless incursion into Canada they fall into the hands of the British authorities, they will not be reclaimed as American citizens, nor any interference made by this Government in their behalf.

And I exhort all well-meaning but deluded persons who may have joined these Lodges immediately to abandon them, and to have nothing more to do with their secret meetings, or unlawful oaths, as they would avoid serious consequences to themselves. And I expect the intelligent and well-disposed members of the community to frown on all these unlawful combinations and illegal proceedings, and assist the government in maintaining the peace of the country against the mischievous consequences of the acts of these violators of the law.

Given under my hand, at the City of Washington, the twenty-fifth day of September, A. D. one thousand [L.S. eight hundred and forty-one, and of the independence of the United States the sixty-sixth.

JOHN TYLER.

By the President:
DANIEL WEBSTER, Secretary of State.

Southern Honor.—A duel has been fought at Arkansas, between Judge Tenney and C. N. Rowley, Esq. both of Concordia, La., growing out of a decision made by the former affecting the property of the latter. Judge Tenney was killed at the first fire.

Mr. Pierpont.—The discontented *proprietors* of Hollis street Church, (including few of those who *worship* there) instead of retiring, peaceably, after their complete discomfiture, are still taxing their ingenuity to devise means of annoying the noble pastor and his friends. They will not sell out to the minority on any terms; and say they will tear the church down, rather than have Mr. Pierpont remain its minister.

R. R. Gurley.—This notorious Colonizationist has returned from his cajoling mission to England.

John B. Richardville, the Principal Chief of the Miami Nation, died on the 13th ultimo, at his residence on the St. Mary's river, near Fort Wayne, in Indiana. He was about 80 years of age. He left about $200,000 in specie, besides immense quantities of very valuable real estate. By will he left his vast fortune equally divided among his relations.—*Indiana Journal.*

U. S. Bank shares sold at New-York for 5 3-4; at Philadelphia, on Saturday, at 6 3-4.

Rum and Slavery.—In Vermont there are *two* distilleries; in North Carolina nearly *three thousand.*

The amount deposited in the Savings Bank by the Factory girls at Lowell, up to the present time is stated at 100,000 dollars.

TOMATOES.

Tomato Figs.—It has been lately ascertained that these are almost equal to imported figs. We find the following recipe in the American Farmer:

Take six pounds of sugar to one peck (or 16 lbs.) of the ripe fruit. Scald and remove the skin of the fruit in the usual way. Cook them over a fire, their own juice being sufficient without the addition of water, until the sugar penetrates and they are clarified. They are then taken out, spread on dishes, flattened and dried in the sun. A small quantity of the syrup should be occasionally sprinkled over them whilst drying; after which, pack them down in boxes, treating each layer with powdered sugar. The syrup is afterwards concentrated and bottled for use. They keep well from year to year, and retain surprisingly their flavor, which is nearly that of the best quality of fresh figs. The pear-shaped or single tomatoes answer the purpose best. Ordinary brown sugar may be used, a large portion of which is retained in the syrup.

How to Pickle Tomatoes.—Pick them when they are ripe. Put them in layers in a jar, with garlicks, mustard seed, horse radish, spices, &c., as you like, filling up the jar; occasionally putting a little fine salt proportionally to the quantity laid down, and which is intended to preserve the tomato. When the jar is full, pour on the tomato cold, *cider* vinegar, it must be pure, till all is covered, and then cork up tight and set away for winter.

To make Tomato Preserves.—Take them while quite small and green—put them in cold clarified syrup, with an orange, cut in slices to every two pounds of tomatoes. Simmer them over a slow fire for two or three hours.—There should be equal weight of sugar and tomatoes.—If very superior preserves are wanted, allow two fresh lemons to three pounds of tomatoes—pare thin the rind of the lemons, so as to get none of the white part; squeeze out the juice, mix the parings juice and cold water sufficient to cover the tomatoes, and put in a few peach leaves and powdered ginger tied up in bags. Boil the whole gently for three-fourths of an hour—take up the tomatoes, strain the liquor, and put in a pound and a half of white sugar for each pound of tomatoes. Put in the tomatoes and boil them gently till the syrup appears to have entered them. In the course of a week turn the syrup from them, heat it scalding hot, and turn it on the tomatoes. Prepared in this way they resemble West India sweet meats.

To keep them the year round.—Take them full ripe, and scald in hot water, to facilitate the operation of taking off the skin; when skinned, boil well in a little sugar and salt, but no water, and then spread in cakes about an eighth of an inch thick in the sun. They will dry enough in three or four days to pack away in bags, which should hang in a dry room.

NOTICES.

SPECIAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

In accordance with the wishes of many friends of human liberty, the Executive Committee propose to call a special meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, at Philadelphia, on the eighth anniversary of its formation. The members of the Society, and all who are willing to co-operate with them, under its constitution, are hereby notified to assemble in that city, on Friday the 3d day of December next.

The associations connected with a special meeting commemorative of the formation of the Society, will doubtless add to the interest of the occasion. But the state of the country—the general excitement and sensitiveness of the public mind with regard to whatever may affects its prosperity—the growing willingness of the public ear to listen to arguments on the impolicy of forced labor—the accumulating proofs of the superiority of free over slave labor, in point of economy and productiveness—the multiplied developments of the system in its moral relations—and the general interest that prevails relative to national advancement, will furnish an ample fund of matter for deliberation and inquiry. The country, and humanity, has claims on anti-slavery energy, which should not be set aside. Let there be a general convocation. It is in the power of abolitionists to give to this meeting, a deeper and more momentous interest than has ever been witnessed on any similar occasion. Let them do it, in the name of Justice and Right—for the sake of the nation and the world. There needs but a steady resolve on their part, to give a strong accumulative impetus to the progress of human civilization. Brethren and sisters, suffer no obstacles to prevent your attendance.

A preliminary meeting will be held on the afternoon previous—Thursday, December 2d. Delegates will enrol their names and residence in a book prepared for that purpose, at the Anti-Slavery Office, No. 27, North 5th street.

Papers throughout the country favorable to the object of the meeting will please publish this call.

By order of the Executive Committee.

J. S. GIBBONS, *Chairman.*
LYDIA MARIA CHILD, *Recording Secretary.*

AMERICAN FREE PRODUCE ASSOCIATION.

The Fourth Annual Meeting of the American Free Produce Association, will be held at Clarkson Hall, Philadelphia, on Third day, the 19th of Tenth month, 1841.

BENJ. S. JONES, *Secretary.*

THE LIBERTY BELL.

The third number of this ANTI-SLAVERY ANNUAL, will be issued on *Christmas week*, at the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery FAIR, Boston. No exertion will be spared to make it worthy of the circulation it receives. Articles are expected from distinguished English writers. The friends of the cause in the United States, from whom the editor has promise of aid, are affectionately reminded that the time of publication draws nigh, and that their articles should be forwarded soon.

It will be published this year, as heretofore, by means of donations from those who wish to see it issued; and the avails of its publications, will be reckoned with the receipts of the Fair, and paid to the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. Its efficiency as an instrumentality for increasing the funds and promoting the principles of the cause, is such as to justify an earnest appeal in its favor. It circulates where neither tract or newspaper would be read, and prepares the way for other instrumentalities. Articles and donations to be forwarded to the editor, whose address is,

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,
6 CHAUNCY PLACE, BOSTON.

September 30.

Poetry.

From the Ladies Companion, for August.

THE COCOA-NUT TREE.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Oh! the green and the graceful! the cocoa-nut tree!
The lone and the lofty—it loves like me
The flash—the foam of the heaving sea,
And the sound of the surging waves,
In the shore's unfathom'd caves.
With its stately shaft, and its verdant crown,
And its fruit in clusters drooping down;
Some of a soft and tender green,
And some all ripe, and brown between;
And flowers, too, blending their lovelier grace,
Like a blush thro' the tresses on Beauty's face.
Oh! the lovely—the fair,
The cocoa-nut tree!
Is the tree of all trees for me!

The willow—it waves with a tender motion;
The oak and the elm with more majesty rise!
But give me the cocoa, that loves the wild ocean,
And shadows the hut where the island-girl lies.

In the Nicobar Islands, each cottage you see,
Is built of the trunk of the cocoa-nut tree;
While its leaves, matted thickly, and many times o'er,
Make a thatch for its roof, and a mat for its floor:
Its shells, the dark islander's beverage hold—
'Tis a goblet as pure, as a goblet of gold.
Oh! the cocoa-nut tree,
That blooms by the sea,
Is the tree of all trees for me!

In the Nicobar Isles, of the cocoa-nut tree,
They build the light shallop—the wild the free:
They weave, of its fibres, so firm a sail,
It will weather the rudest southern gale;
They fill it with oil, and with coarse jaggree,
With arrack and coir, from the cocoa-nut tree.
The lone, the free,
That dwells in the roar
Of the echoing shore,
Oh! the cocoa-nut tree for me!

Rich is the cocoa-nut's milk and meat,
And its wine—the pure palm wine is sweet;
It is like the bright spirits we sometimes meet—
The wine of the cocoa-nut tree:
For they tie up the embryo bud's soft wing,
From which the blossoms and nuts would spring;
And thus forbidden to bless with bloom,
Its native air, and with soft perfume,
The subtle spirit that struggles there,
Distils an essence more rich and rare,
And instead of a blossom and fruitage birth,
The delicate palm-wine oozes forth.
Ah! thus to the child of genius, too,
The rose of Beauty is oft denied;
But all the richer, that high heart, through
The torrent of Feeling pours its tide,
And purer and fonder, and far more true,
Is that passionate soul, in its lonely pride.
Oh! the fresh, the free,
The cocoa-nut tree!
Is the tree of all trees for me!

The glowing sky of the Indian Isles,
Lovingly over the cocoa-nut smiles,
And the Indian maiden lies below,
Where its leaves their graceful shadow throw:
She weaves a wreath of the rosy shells,
That gem the beach where the cocoa dwells.
She binds them into her long black hair,
And they blush in the braids, like rose-buds there.
Her soft brown arm, and her graceful neck,
With those ocean-blooms, she joys to deck.
Oh! wherever you see
The cocoa-nut tree,
There will a picture of beauty be!

From the Temperance Organ.

THE AMERICAN BAR MAID.

I saw a lovely girl—it was at church—
Who knelt before her Maker in the beauty
Of maiden meekness. As she lifted up
Her calm blue eyes in confidence to heaven,
And her sweet lips were parted in low prayer,
I thought that never had been seen on earth
Such likeness unto angels. Presently
She approached the supper of the Crucified,
With diffidence and in humility of step;
Revealing lowliness of heart. And there,
As she partook the symbols of His death—
With trembling, touched the blest memorials—
Her eyelids swam with tears of penitence,
And holy hope, and joy that passeth words.
Woman, I said, though ever beautiful,
And everywhere attractive, unto me,
Thou art truly lovely, when devotion lends
Its halo to thy charms.

That Sabbath day
Again I saw her—'twas the same—she stood
Beneath her father's roof. From the high altar
She had hastened to her home for other service.
It was a room unseemly to the sight,
Ranged round with cups and flasks, on which was seen
The name of Alcohol. The place was filled
With vulgar men. The thoughtless youth was there,
Just learning his sad lession. Aged heads,
Clustering and ripening for the grave, were there.
And there the filthy debauchee. Strange oaths,
And laughter rude I heard.—The jest obscene
Went round: and some were reeling in their drink.
And *she*—yes, *she*, that beauteous one, that sweet
Young blossom, stood amid that tainted crew,
As 'twere a pure bright spirit, suddenly
Brought in its skyey freshness to the damned.
She stood behind the bar:—her lily hand
Poured out the nauseous draught and mixed and reached
The poison to those outcasts. With a leer,
That withered up, methought, her virgin charms,
Those bad men gazed on her, and laughed and drank;
And still they drank, and still she filled the cup
And gave it them, and heard their brutal talk,
And songs of hell.

Her sire is counted one
Of the pillars of the church; he daily prays;
Gives alms, and deems himself a journeyer
To heaven; and he his daughter places there
A daily oblation, acceptable
Unto the Moloch RUM; and unrebuked,
For money offers up his innocent child,
And she, obedient, THUS IS SACRIFICED.

TO FLOWERS.

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer.

Your voiceless lips, O flowers! are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

Landor.

MY ANTIPATHY.

Vice from my heart I abhor; yet feel I a double abhorrence,
Doomed as I am now to hear virtue on every one's lips.
"How! hate virtue!" say you?—I would that we practised it all, and
So, God willing, might hear nobody *talk* of it more.

German Epigram.

Miscellany.

JONATHAN JEFFERSON WHITLAW:

OR

LIFE IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

CHAPTER XXXI.

We must now follow Whitlaw to other scenes.—Having, with his constitutional discretion and forethought, removed from Mrs. Bennet's, for fear he might again fall asleep in her dining-room, he once more fixed himself at a boarding-house; and very reasonably conceiving that the money he had made entitled him to an evening's recreation, he decided upon going to a splendid ball, which was to take place that night, where no ladies were admitted but quadroons; and no gentleman refused, who could pay for their tickets, except blacks.

To an European eye, the female part of the assembly would have suggested ideas of peculiar elegance and refinement. There is a flexible grace, a languid gentleness, a subdued and quiet softness, in the looks, movements, and manners of quadroons, which must ever have a powerful charm to those who know not their history, and share not in the strange and incomprehensible feeling which holds them indiscriminately, as a race apart, despised, and contemned, let their personal and individual qualities be what they may.

But to Whitlaw the fair pageant, though certainly not without its attractions, seemed the signal for letting loose all the worst feelings and passions of his nature. He stood gazing on the lovely groups with the boastful pride of a low-minded tyrant, who glories in the consciousness that he may insult with impunity all whom he beholds.

Among many other accomplishments for which this beautiful but most unfortunate race are celebrated, their dancing is one of the most remarkable; and it has been said that a well-grouped quadroon quadrille, at New-Orleans, might rival in grace the most successful figure-dance ever exhibited at "the grand opera." Unfortunately for Whitlaw, the art of dancing was not one of those which he had cultivated; and though he certainly would not have scrupled to put out a score of dark-eyed beauties in their graceful measure, if by so doing he could have, in any degree, amused himself, he thought that on the present occasion he should be more gratified by seeing them go right, than in contriving to make them go wrong. He therefore sat himself down on a well-cushioned sofa, with the intention of deciding very much at his ease, which was the most lovely girl in the room.

Some pretty and piteous episodes might be here indulged, in description of individual loveliness and of gentle sweetness, that not even the iron fate which legally doomed them all to infamy, from the hour they first drew breath, could destroy. But wide as is the field for the purest sympathy and the holiest sorrow, it cannot be entered upon without the risk of encountering scenes from which the eye of human nature must turn aside; while we may well believe that "the recording angel, as he writes them down, will drop a tear upon the words" that tell of frailty enforced by law, and affection which no ceremony is sufficiently holy to render legitimate.

This we may surely easily guess at, and easily believe; but far be it from any mortal to judge with what species of immortal feeling those acts will be registered, by which one portion of the human race compel, by law, another portion to infamy and sin. Leaving, therefore, all allusion to the adventures of the evening, in which any of the graceful groups that danced before him, were so unfortunate as to attract Mr. Whitlaw's particular attention, we must pass to a circumstance of a different kind, which soon obliged him to forget for the moment every thing else.

It was in passing from the ball-room to the bar, at which refreshments of all kinds were furnished, that Whitlaw was arrested in his progress by a hand laid not very lightly on his shoulder. He suddenly turned, and encountered the well-known face of Hogstown, who has already been introduced to the reader at Natchez, when forcing himself upon the notice of Edward Bligh.

"So, here you are!" exclaimed he. "The Colonel told me I should be sure to find you.—Fine work we are likely to have, arn't we?" Whitlaw expressed his ignorance of the particular events to which he alluded. "Come this way, Whitlaw, for a spell, will you?—I promised the Colonel to tell you every thing; and I comprehend by him that our errands here—yours and mine, I mean—ain't that unlike.—There, take your glass, pay your levy, and come with me into that snug corner there."

Whitlaw obeyed his directions very literally, and followed him.

"Well, I say, Whitlaw," resumed his Natchez acquaintance, "have you heard of the outbreak at Colonel Mirandeau's? This is the second within ten days; and both comes of reading, and preaching, and praying, and such like diabolical exercises; and it comes, too, as I tell 'em all at Natchez, of that stingy, saving, niggardly, pitiful spirit, that makes 'em do anything rather than kill their niggers outright. You may scorch 'em 'tis true, and skin 'em, and welcome, or any thing else in the torture line, that comes into your head; but there isn't one single planter, between this and Natchez, liberal and patriotic enough to hang one of his gang outright!"

"Why, there's few that likes to make way with their own stock, that's a fact," replied Whitlaw.—"But what is it, Mr. Hogstown, sir, that has happened over at Colonel Mirandean's? I've been considerably busy since I arrived, and haven't chanced to hear a word of it."

"Well, then, it's no joke, I promise you," replied Hogstown. "There's been one Bible, five tracts, and two hymn books, found hid in some of the nigger huts, on Colonel Mirandeau's plantation. That was a week or ten days ago; and yesterday as ever was, a young nigger, newly purchased in Virginia, was overheard, and right down caught out, while reading out loud to a whole bevy of 'em, a piece of a cursed old English newspaper, with a lot of infernal stuff in it about emancipation. Just think of that, Whitlaw, in a nigger hut in Louisiana!"

"Confound the varmint! What was done to 'em?"

"Ay, there's the mischief. They was flogged all round, just as many lashes as they could stand without the pulse going; and then they was salted; and it done 'em no more harm, than if they had been so many red herrings. But if the Colonel had been liberal and only hanged three or four of 'em, we should have seen how the rest would have quaked. The varmint know the valy of their lives, and 'tis that makes 'em so malignant and rebelsome."

"'Tis very true, Mr. Hogstown, sir; but when a man has a gang of his own," replied Whitlaw,—remembering, with no little feeling of pride, the three men, seven women, and ten children, that made the glory and profit of Mount Etna,—"when a man has once got together a gang, you will most times find 'em considerably against losing 'em, any how."

"There's more of profit than patriotism in that notion, Mr. Whitlaw. You won't deny that, sir.—But, however, that's not much to the business in hand, between us two. I expect that we are both of us come to New-Orlines, pretty much in the same line, by what has been made known to me at Paradise Plantation; only I am engaged for the public—the public of Natchez, I mean;—and you, as I take it, for Colonel Dart, and nobody else. Now, my instructions at starting, was specially to find you out, and make you comprehend, clear and distinct, what it is we have got to perform."

Whitlaw was struck on hearing these words, with the recollection of Juno's promise, that he should be instructed at New-Orleans, as to what he was to do. Many times since she spoke the words, he had thought of them with what he was now ready to confess was very unbecoming scorn; and he prepared to listen to the communications of Hogstown, with silent and meek obedience.

"In the first place, Mr. Whitlaw, you must be pleased, sir, to tell me——"

At this moment, a rush of company into the small room, in which they had placed themselves, rendered the continuation of so important a conversation impossible; and they mutually agreed that for the remainder of the evening, they would amuse themselves with the scene they were in, and meet on the morrow in a private room at the hotel where Hogstown had taken up his quarters, for the purpose of giving and receiving both counsel and information on the important business which brought them to the city.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Whitlaw, notwithstanding the late hours of the preceding evening, was punctual to his appointment, and found Mr. Hogstown engaged in examining a Daily Advertiser, from which he was making memoranda of all the runaway negroes.

"Good morning, Mr. Whitlaw. Here it is, you see: thirty-one—thirty-two—thirty-three; no less than thirty-three cursed runaways in this one paper, and this one State! I'll be hanged if a man hadn't ought to chain up every individual one of the black beetles, the identical instant they have done finished their work; and if there was a State obligement to that effect, we should soon progress towards a betterment in our management of 'em."

"I have no doubt in the world of it, sir," replied Whitlaw, in an accent of very earnest sincerity; "but let us conduct so as to arrive at a mutual comprehension of how we can come to an exchangeability of usefulness in this matter."

"I desire no better, Mr. Whitlaw; and to take up just where we stopped last night, I must tell you, sir, that I have been desired to make a requirement of you, as to all the light you can throw upon the character and behavior of a family that neighbors close upon your father's store, at Mount Etna. They conduct so as to be considerable remarked in the country. They are Germans, I expect, Mr. Whitlaw; but as for the name, you must excuse my liableness to forget it, seeing it's a strange one."

Whitlaw's eyes emitted a flash of triumph, as he listened to this speech. A hundred bitter thoughts, that lay rankling at the bottom of his heart, started into fresh life, at the idea of being able to do the hated Steinmark's an injury; and he eagerly answered:

"Throw a light upon our German neighbors, Mr. Hogstown? There's few that can do it better, I expect. Why, I have lived within a stone's throw of 'em the best part of my life; and a dangerous set they are, as ever imported themselves into a country."

"That responds considerable to what I've heard, Mr. Whitlaw; and I'll just tell you, to avoid any involvement of misunderstanding, what the secret managing committee of Natchez holds to be the best card they've got to play, at the present alarming crisis. You see, sir, 'tis as plain as the sun's in heaven, that the planters and slaveholders, considered as a body, are at a great remove from advocating the punishment of death among their stock. Now, it is naked folly to fancy that there's any thing else but death will make an impression any way worth publishment to the country; and so you see, Mr. Whitlaw, if slaves musn't die, white men must, that's a fact."

"I think I progress towards understanding you, Mr. Hogstown. We shall have to examine, I expect, into the conduct of the Steinmark family; and if it's found to be derogatory to the usual feelings of white men and slave-owners, something of the nature of Lynch-law might be usefully introduced among them."

"Depend upon it, sir, there would be considerable advisability in this. It will issue in danger, if something is not done to stop the notion that's getting abroad, that niggers are to be taught and tutored like Christians. It's very illy done of those Germans, to cultivate their estate, as we are told they do, altogether without slaves; which is just as much as to say, that slavery isn't needful. I expect, Mr. Whitlaw, that you can tell whether this accusation against 'em is repealable or not?"

"The accusation is as true, let who will have made it, as that black's black, and that white's white. I tell you, Mr. Hogstown, I've known 'em for years, and never did a slave do a turn of work for any of 'em since in the country they've been."

"Well, sir, that's satisfactory, so far; and not to be contradicted, I expect. And now, there's another point, upon which, if we can make a hit, I calculate something considerable important might issue. There's a young fellow that has taken to living at a clearing in the forest somewhere between Natchez and this German's farm. I don't take my pay for nothing, Mr. Whitlaw; and would on no account miss an opportunity of cultivating any observations that may be useful. I had occasion, not that long ago, to watch this young fellow, called Bligh, as I understand, at the place where he keeps; I had a fine occasion to watch his behavements, when a little, nasty, stinking nigger was lucky enough to make merriment for some gentlemen of the highest standing in Natchez. First, he turned deadly pale, when they kicked the boy; and then he downright hid his face and his eyes, because, I calculate, he couldn't bear seeing the varmint rolled about, and in trouble; and last of all, though he looked as poor as corn meal and ditch water, what did he do, but out with his money to get the smut out of the scrape, because he'd lost some coppers through the gentlemen's joking. Now that was particular, warn't it?"

"Very," replied Whitlaw, solemnly. "Go on."

"Well, sir, I keeped my eye on him; and when he left the store where this happened, I followed round-about fashion, till I saw him reading over all the bills posted up about the market concerning the sale of niggers, and the runaways, and all the rest of the nigger news. Well, sir, I stopped still a spell, and then I got into a little exchangeability of talk with him. As to his sayings, he was not that venturesome to expose himself; contrarywise, he was curious clear to keep safe, I thought; but he couldn't hide from me that his talk had no agreement with his shabby jacket; and I was obligated to conclude that he was more or less an imposter.—Well, sir, this negro-lover, this shabby-dressed and fine-spoken youngster, is hand and glove with the whole Steinmark family; and there's some to say he's to marry the daughter. That's no great matter, certainly, one way nor t'other; but it's curious singular that this chap what can't abide the sight of a nigger kicked, should be so everlasting intimate with them as wont hold a slave; though all the country knows they're rich enough to have a gang of five hundred. Don't you perceive, Mr. Whitlaw, how the two things hitches together?"

"Don't I, Mr. Hogstown? I expect I do, sir; and I tell you what, though I'm in no hurry to leave New-Orlines,—that is, not before my duty and my business is done finished,—yet this is what I know, and am ready to testify, that nothing I, or you either, can be after doing here, will help the cause one quarter so much as blowing up these incarnate devils at Reichland—the Steinmarks, I mean. If there's mischief brewing in one quarter, it comes from them; you may as well doubt that a nigger's black. Where will you find another rich man as don't own a slave? and what can it mean, coming as it does, too, from the d—d Europe side of the water, but emancipation and treason? Maybe we're all of us in a bad way; I don't know but we shall find it so; but this I do know, that if there's any hope left, it will be by making an example of them cursed emancipation chaps, the young Steinmarks."

"Well, sir," replied Hogstown, gravely, "I can't but approbate the zeal you show; and I shall not fail to report your information and your opinion to the gentlemen of our Natchez committee. But you see, Mr. Whitlaw, the thing must be done with judgment, and noways in a bustle; at least, not on our parts, that guides the springs, as I may say.—There will be no objection, of course, that the mob, when we set them on their work of doing justice, should be that little degree infuriated, as may be necessary for the executioning their business; but I would recommend you, sir, to be quite peaceable and reasonable in your way of giving evidence, and upon no account seem to have any reasons of your own private concernments to urge your speaking: but altogether the public good, and love of justice, and respect for our glorious Constitution, and veneration for the memory of the immortal Washington—and the ever-to-be venerated Jefferson; both of whom approved the institution of slavery, and practised it greatly to their own comfort and advantage. I beg your pardon, Mr. Whitlaw, for taking the liberty of advising you, sir; but you are a young man, and don't rightly know, perhaps, as yet, the vast importance of putting things in a right light, particularly when addressing any meeting of the people;—and that, I take it, sir, is what we shall be expected to do, if we entertain any hopes of getting up a Lynch-law execution at Natchez."

"No offence at all, Mr. Hogstown. Honest men, that are true and hearty in a cause, like you and I, sir, must not stand upon ceremony together, but just speak out what they think; and so I recommend you, first and foremost, to keep your eye upon them Steinmarks; one and all, of course, but most particularly upon him as keeps the mill. Take my word for it, he is one that will raise the niggers to mutiny, if any one can. I know him; and if Lynch-law must be had, 'tis him as I'd try the first go upon."

"You may depend upon it, sir, that your recommendation shall not be lost sight of in any degree," replied Hogstown. "And now I think we may each go to our separate work, and learn all we can of the goings on and intentions of the principal slaveholders here. I take it for granted that you have got letters of introduction to some of the first planters; for Colonel Dart is a gentleman exceedingly well respected, and knows the nature of the business we have in hand too well, not to set you upon getting all the private news on the subject to be obtained at New-Orlines."

Why, yes, Mr. Hogstown, I have got letters pretty considerable. Is there anything else, sir, that you can point out as desirable in the way of my duty?"

Not at the present moment, Mr. Whitlaw; but it may be as well to meet once a day, I expect. Will you be pleased to call on me here again to-morrow, sir? And if we either of us pick up intelligence of any kind, the other may profit thereby."

"Whitlaw thanked him very cordially for his obliging proposal, and having promised to wait upon him to-morrow, took his leave; not perhaps altogether pleased at finding that he should, for the future, be really obliged to sacrifice some portion of his precious time to business; but more than consoled for it, by believing that he should be able, at his return, to gratify the hatred he had so long vainly nourished against the family of Steinmark.

From the New Haven Herald.

"PAY THE LABORER HIS HIRE."

In so large a family as that of Mr. T. there was a great deal of sewing to do, and out of charity the work was taken from a seamstress, who had sewed for the family some time, and given to a poor woman with several small children. Ostensibly only was this charity. Really it was to save a few pence. How could this be? some one would ask. Let me sketch a little scene: premising that this poor woman's husband was just dead, and she left, helpless and friendless, with no apparent means of support. Besides, she was in very feeble health. By accident Mr. T. heard of her distressed situation, and at the suggestion of the individual who named her case to him, told his wife that he thought it would be charity to give her some sewing.

"I think it would, indeed," says Mrs. T. "Our sewing costs us a great deal," responds the careful husband, "and in this thing we may benefit ourselves, as well as do a deed of charity. No doubt this woman is rather an indifferent sewer, in comparison to Miss R., and therefore her work will not of course be worth so much. And she will no doubt think half the price Miss R. gets, a good one." "No doubt," chimes in the frugal partner. Mrs. —— was sent for. After she is seated, the following conversation ensues: "Can you do plain sewing?" "Yes, ma'am, as well as most persons." "What is your price for fine shirts?" "I have'n't set any price yet, but I'll work as low as any one." "But you know that to get work you will have to do it a little lower than ordinary. People don't like to change."—"Well, ma'am, I am in want, and I will work at almost any price, for my children." "I suppose you will make shirts for a quarter?" "Yes, ma'am."

"And calico dresses for the same."

"Yes, ma'am!" "Well, that's reasonable."—"Boys' common shirts you will not charge over eleven pence for?" "No, ma'am!" "That's reasonable, and I'll do all I can for you. It gives me pleasure to help the poor. Come down to-morrow, and I'll have some work ready for you." The widow departed. "Well, wife," says Mr. T., bustling in, when he saw the woman depart, "at what price will she work?" "At just half what Miss R. charges." "Well, that's something like. It gives me pleasure to befriend any one who is willing to work at a reasonable price. Why, this will save us almost a dollar a week the year round." "Yes, it will so; and if I keep her at it, or some one else, at the same price for a year, you'll let me have a fifty-dollar shawl, won't you?" "Yes, if you want it." "Well, I'll do my best. It is shameful what some of these seamstresses do charge."

It is often well to reverse a picture. Suppose that we look at the other side of this. Mrs. —— had always been delicate. When a girl she could never sew long at a time without getting a pain in her side. She married a hard-working, industrious mechanic, whose trade was not very lucrative, yielding barely enough for a support. Her health after her marriage was but little improved, and when, with several small children, she was left a widow, she yielded, in her first keen anguish of bereavement, to despair. But a mother cannot long sit in idleness when her babes are about her. She could think of no way of getting a living for them but by her needle, and as she was a neat sewer, she hoped to get work, and earn food and scanty clothing at least. But she could get no work. No person knew her, who wanted sewing done. She applied to several, and was still without the means of earning a dollar when her last was spent. Just at this sad moment, the fact of her destitution becoming more known, Mrs. T. sent for her.

As she carried home her work the day after the interview, she was glad at heart with the thought that now there was a way of escaping at least from starvation. But little more her yearning heart could promise her. Boys' shirts at twelve and a half cents were her first pieces of work. Two of these, by hard work, she managed to get done in a day. Had they been made plain, she could have finished them early, and had time to give many necessary attentions to her children. But the last words of Mrs. T. robbed her of that chance. "You can stitch the collars of these, any how; you can afford it, I suppose, and they iron much better when that is done." The simple and touching, "Yes, ma'am," but in a sadder tone than usual, was the only response. Next morning she was up early, though her head ached badly, and she was faint and weak from having sat so steadily through the whole of the preceding day. Her children were all taken and washed and dressed, her rooms cleaned, and a scanty meal of mush and milk prepared for the little ones, and a cup of tea for herself; her own stomach refusing the food of which her children partook with keen appetites, and she could only swallow a few mouthfuls of dry, stale bread. It was nearly ten o'clock when she got fairly down to work, her head still aching and almost blinding her. Some how or other she could not get on at all fast, and it was long past the usual dinner hour before she had finished the first garment.—The children, were impatient for their dinner, and she had to make great haste in preparing it, as well for their satisfaction as to gain time. "Mother, we are getting tired of mush and milk," said one of the little ones. "You don't have all the good things you used to. No pies, nor puddings, nor meat."—"Never mind, dear, we'll have some nice corn cakes for supper." "You'll have supper soon, won't you, mother?" said another little one, coaxingly, her thoughts busy with the corn cakes. "And sha'n't we have molasses on them?" said another, pushing away her bowl of mush and milk. "No, dear, not to-night, but to-morrow we'll have some. "Why not to-night mother; I want some to-night." "Mother ain't got no money to buy it with to-night, but to-morrow she'll have some," said the mother, soothingly. "O, we'll have lasses to-morrow for our cakes," cried a girl who could just speak, clapping her hands in great glee. After dinner Mrs. —— worked hard, and in such bodily pain and misery, to finish the other shirt, in which the last stitch was taken at nine o'clock at night. Soon after breakfast, the next day, she took the four shirts home to Mrs. T., her thoughts, mostly occupied with the comfortable food she was to buy her children, with the half dollar she had earned. For it was a sad truth that she had laid out her last dollar for the meal with which she was making mush for her little ones.—After examining every seam, every hem, and every line of stitching, Mrs. T. expressed approbation of the work, and handed the poor woman a couple of fine shirts to make for Mr. T., and a calico dress for herself. As she did not offer to pay her for the work she had done, after lingering a few moments, Mrs. —— ventured to hint that she would like to have a part of what she had earned. "Oh, dear, I never pay my seamstresses until their bills amount to five dollars. It is so troublesome to keep account of small sums. When you have earned five dollars I will pay you." Mrs. —— retired, but with a heart that seemed like lead in her bosom. When shall I earn five dollars?—not for a whole month at this rate—were the words that formed themselves in her thoughts. "We shall have the molasses now, mother, sha'n't we?" said two or three glad little voices, as she entered her home.

For a few moments she knew not what answer to make. Then gathering them around her, she explained to them as well as she could make them understand, that the lady for whom she had done the work did not pay her, and she was afraid it would be a great while before she would; and that until she was paid, she could not get any thing better than what they had. The little things stole silently and without a murmur away, and the mother again sat down to her work. A tear would often gather in her eye as she looked up from the bright needle glistening in her fingers, and noticed the sadness and disappointment pictured in their young faces. From this state of gloomy feeling she was roused by a knock at the door, and a pleasant looking lady, somewhat gaily dressed, came in with a small bundle in her hand. She introduced herself by saying that she had just seen some pretty shirts at Mr. T.'s, and that she was so well pleased with the work that she inquired for the maker. "And now, having found you," said she, "I want you to fit and make this calico dress for me, if you do such work." "I shall be glad to do it for you," said she, encouraged by the kind and feeling manner of the lady. "And what will you charge?" Mrs. —— hesitated a moment, and then said, "Mrs. T. gives me a quarter of a dollar." There was a bright spot for a moment on the cheek of the lady. "Then I will give you three," said she, with warmth. Mrs. —— burst into tears, and she could not help it. "Are you in need?" inquired the strange lady, hesitatingly, but with an air of feeling that could not be mistaken. For a moment the widow paused, but the sight of her children conquered the rising emotion of her pride. "I have nothing but a little corn meal in the house, and have no money." A tear glistened in the stranger's eye; her breast heaved with strong emotion, then again all was still. "I will pay you for this dress beforehand, then; and as I want it done very nice, I will pay you a dollar for making it. Can I have it day after to-morrow?" "Certainly, ma'am, to-morrow evening, if you want it." The dollar was paid down, and the angel of light departed. More than one heart was made glad, that morning.

From Bulwer's "Night and Morning."

AN AFFECTING SCENE.

In a miserable garret, a mechanic yet young, and stricken by a lingering malady, contracted by the labor of occupation, was slowly passing from that world which, for the mass of its inhabitants, the curse of Cain is everlastingly at work. Now this man had married for love, and his wife had loved; and it was the cares of that early marriage that had consumed him to the bone. But extreme want, if long continued, eats up love when it has nothing else to eat. And when people are very long dying, the people they fret and trouble begin to think of that too often hypocritical prettiness of phrase called a happy release. So the worn-out and half-famished wife did not care three straws for the husband, whom a year or two before she vowed to love and cherish in sickness and in health. But still she *seemed* to care; for she moaned, and pined, and wept, as the man's breath grew fainter and fainter.

"Ah, Jean!" said she sobbing, "what *will* become of *me*, a poor lone widow, with nobody to work for my bread?" And with that thought she took on worse than before.

"I am stifling," said the dying man, rolling round his ghastly eyes. "How hot it is! Open the window; I should like to see the light—daylight once again."

"*Mon Dieu!* what whims he has, poor man," muttered the woman, without stirring.

The poor wretch put his skeleton hand out and clutched his wife's arm.

"I shan't trouble you long, Marie? Air—air!"

"Jean, you will make yourself worse; besides, I shall catch my death of cold. I have scarce a rag on; but I will just open the door."

"Pardon me," groaned the sufferer; "leave me then."

Poor fellow! perhaps at that moment the thought of unkindness was sharper than the sharp cough, which brought blood at every paroxysm. He did not like her so near him, but he did not blame her. Again I say, poor fellow!

The woman opened the door, and went to the other side of the room, and sat down on an old box and began darning an old handkerchief. The silence was soon broken by the moans of the fast dying man, and again he muttered, as he tossed to and fro, with baked white lips, "I am stifled. Air! air!

There was no resisting that prayer, it seemed so like the last. The wife laid down the needle, put the handkerchief round her throat, and opened the window. "Do you feel easier now?" "Bless you, Marie—yes; that's good—good. It puts me in mind of old days, that breath of air, before we came to Paris. I wish I could work for you *now*, Marie."

"Jean! my poor Jean!" said the woman; and the words and the voice took back her hardening heart to the fresh fields and tender thoughts of the past time. And she walked up to the bed, and leaned his temples, damp with livid dews, upon her breast."

"I have been a sad burden to you, Marie; we should not have married so soon; but I thought I was stronger. It will be much better for you when I am gone." And so word after word gasped out; he stopped suddenly, and seemed to fall asleep.

The wife then attempted to lay him once more on his pillow; the head fell back heavily, the jaw had dropped, the teeth were set, the eyes were open and like stone; the truth broke on her! "Jean, Jean! My God, he is dead! and I was unkind to him at the last!" With these words she fell upon the corpse, happily insensible.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF FRANCE.

Louis Philippe is, undoubtedly, one of the most interesting of the crowned heads of Europe, whether we consider his native endowment, the adversity, which in early life ripened his energies, or the firmness with which he has surmounted the dangers which have beset his throne. It is difficult to realize, in looking at his florid complexion, and animation of manner, that sixty-seven years have passed over him.

He has a peculiar tact, in addressing pleasant remarks to those with whom he converses, and putting them entirely at ease. This is particularly felt by inhabitants of the United States, when presented to him; for his recollection of the time spent in travelling there, of the geographical localities, and of the individuals with whom he there associated, are exceedingly correct and vivid, and he seems to recur to them with great pleasure, from seeing that they give pleasure to others.

The queen is graceful and truly polite, and her virtues and piety are appreciated by the nation; even by that part of it who retain strong prejudices against the king. Madame Adelaide, the sister of Louis Philippe, has a countenance beaming with good feelings, and her sisterly affection, which is warmly reciprocated by her royal brother, forms a distinguishing trait in her character. The Princess Clementine, and the Duke of Orleans, with the younger princes, have fine manners, and make their passing compliments to strangers, in a dignified and agreeable way, in which they are assisted by a perfect knowledge of the English language, which appertains to the whole family. Their domestic education has been conducted judiciously, under the careful supervision of their parents, and has produced happy results. The Queen of the Belgians, is exceedingly respected; and the late Princess Marie, who married Alexander, Duke of Wirtemberg, was eminent for native talent and taste in the fine arts, especially in sculpture, and died deeply lamented.

The beauty of the young bride of the Duke of Nemours, who has appeared at the French court, for the first time, this winter, is acknowledged by all.—The royal family of France give an amiable example of those domestic attachments, and that home happiness, which exercises so happy an influence on the character in the period of formation, and throughout the intercourse of life.

These have not always been indigenous to the soil of courts, and it is therefore the more delightful to see them flourishing there in alliance with the virtues.

TRUE COURAGE.

"Coward! coward!" said James Lawton to Edward Wilkins, as he pointed his finger to him.

Edward's face turned very red, and then the tears started in his eyes, as he said, "James Lawton, don't call me a coward."

"Why don't you fight John Taylor, then, when he dares you? I would not be dared by any boy."

"He is afraid," said Charles Jones, as he put his finger on his eye, and pretended to cry.

"I am not afraid," said Edward; and he looked almost ready to give up; for John Taylor came forward, and said, "Come on, then, and show that you are not afraid."

A gentleman passing by, said, "Why do you not fight the boy?—tell me the reason."

The boys all stood still, while Edward said, "I will not do a wicked thing, sir, if they do call me a coward."

"That is right, my noble boy," said the gentleman. "If you fight that boy, you really will disgrace yourself, and will show that you are more afraid of the laugh and ridicule of your companions, than of breaking the commandments of God."

"It is more honorable to bear an insult with meekness, than to fight about it.

"Beasts and brutes, which have no reason, know of no other way to avenge themselves; but God has given you understanding; and though it be hard to be called a coward, and to submit to indignity and insult, yet remember the words of the wise man—'He that ruleth his spirit, is greater than he that taketh a city.'

"Suppose you fight with this boy, and your companions all call you a brave fellow, what will this be when you are called to stand before God?

"Many a poor deluded man has been drawn in to accept a challenge and fight a duel, to show his bravery, and thus displayed to all, that he was a miserable coward, who was afraid of the sneer and laugh of his companions. Rather follow the example of that brave soldier, who, when he was challenged to fight, said, 'I do not fear the cannon's mouth, but I fear God.'"—*Juvenile Reformer.*

THE LAW OF LOVE.

The following beautiful anecdote is copied from an English Phrenological book called "Acquisitiveness: its Uses and Abuses."

In the hard frost of the year 1740, the benevolent duke of Montague went out one morning in disguise, as was his favorite practice, to distribute his bounty to his afflicted fellow creatures. He descended into one of those subterraneous dwellings, of which there are so many in London, and accosting an old woman, inquired how she lived in these hard times, and if she wanted charity. She replied, "No, she thanked God she was not in want; but if he had anything to bestow, there was a poor creature in the next room, almost starving. The duke visited the destitute object, made her a donation, and then inquired of the old woman if any more of her neighbors were in want. She said her left hand neighbor was very poor, and very honest.

"You are surely very disinterested," replied the duke; "pray, if it is no offence, let me know your own circumstances."

"I owe nothing," answered the good woman; "and I am worth thirty shillings."

"Well, but I suppose a little addition might be acceptable?"

"Yes, certainly; but I think it wrong to take what others want so much more than I do."

"Struck with this entire absence of selfishness, the duke laid down five guineas, and hastily departed.

A PHILADELPHIA QUAKER.

A certain 'Friend' whom we very well knew, was recently at a distant place of summer resort. He stepped into the Post-Office one morning, and while there, the Post-Master asked him whether he knew any English, people staying at the hotel. "Why does thee ask?" said the Quaker. "Because," said the Post-Master, "here are half a dozen letters directed to England, by the next steamer, and as the postage to Boston is not paid, I cannot send them.—If I cannot find the writers of them, they will be forwarded to the dead-letter office in Washington." Our 'Friend' looked at the letters. They were all double, and he remarked—"they appear to be family letters, and no doubt will be most welcome if received, or may cause great anxiety if they should not be." "I cannot help it," said the Post-Master. "Well, I can, if thee cannot; what is the postage?" "For six double letters three dollars." "Well, here is the money: thee will please mark the letters 'paid,' and send them to Boston." And with this injunction the Philadelphia Quaker left the Post-Office—his pockets not quite so heavy as when he entered, but his heart, we are sure, a great deal lighter.—*Phil. Nat. Gaz.*

PREACHING.—I love a serious preacher, one who speaks for my sake, and not for his own; who seeks my salvation, and not his own vain glory. He best deserves to be heard, who uses speech only to clothe his thoughts, and his thoughts only to promote truth and virtue. Nothing is more despicable than a professed declaimer, who retails his discourse as a quack does medicine.—*Massillon.*

Melancthon, when he went to the conference at Spire, in 1529, made a little journey to Bretton, to see his mother. The good woman asked him what she must believe, amid so many disputes; and repeated to him her prayers, which contained nothing superstitious. "Go on, mother," said he, "to believe and pray as you have done, and never trouble yourself about controversies." The advice of a wise and good man.—*Bishop Horne.*

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